PRICE 10 CENTS 23 SEPTEMBER, 1893

The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

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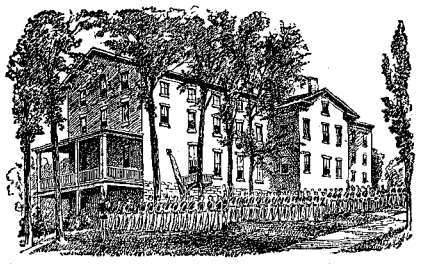

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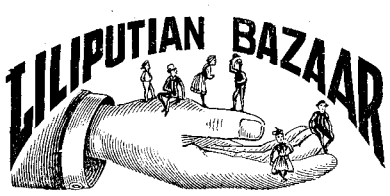

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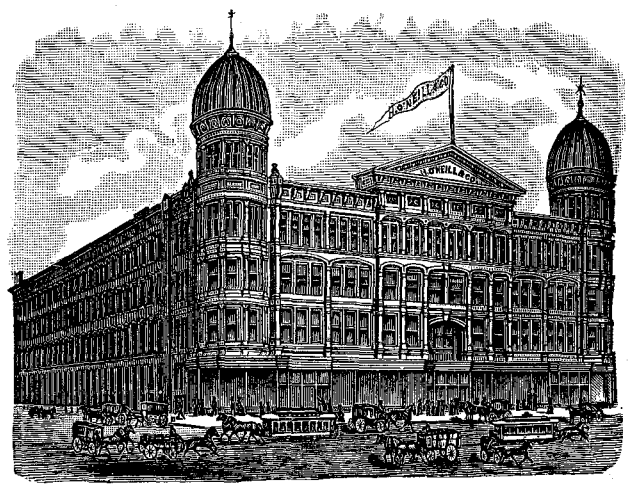

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Contents, 23 September, 1893

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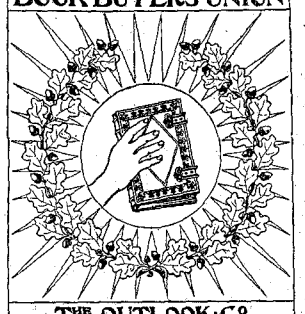

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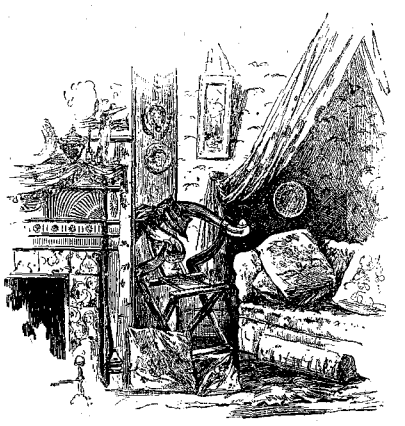

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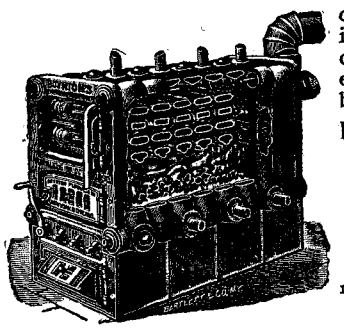

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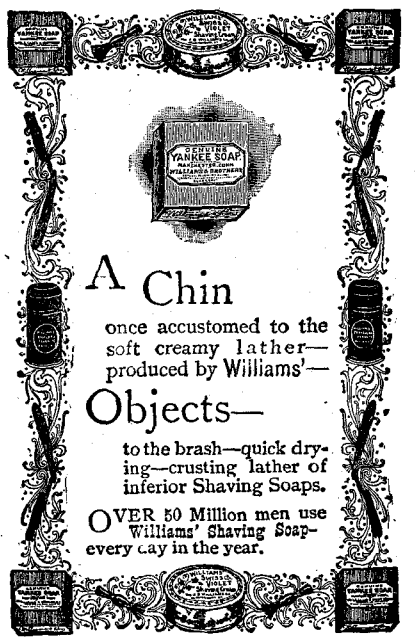
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The Outlook

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NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 48 For Week ending 23 September, 1893 Number 13

The Week

THE silver debate in the Senate shows no signs as yet of coming to an end. Unfortunately for the cause of unconditional repeal, the Democratic Senators most anxious to secure it—Senators Voorhees and Gorman—distinguished themselves a year ago by insisting upon the right of unlimited debate in order to prevent the passage of the Federal Elections or "Force" Bill. This fact makes it difficult for them now to insist upon putting an end to the debate upon the silver bill. On Wednesday of last week Mr. Voorhees asked that Saturday of the present week should be agreed upon for the taking of a vote; but Mr. Dubois (Republican, Idaho) promptly responded, in behalf of the opposition, that the bill to demonetize silver was of far greater importance than the Federal Elections Bill, and that those who had contended for the right of unlimited debate upon the lesser measure could not yet demand that debate upon the greater measure should be stopped. Business, he said, was already reviving, and the friends of a continued issue of silver currency believed that the pressure for unconditional repeal had reached its climax. Senator Voorhees thereupon withdrew his request, but protested against the assumption of Mr. Dubois that the repeal bill was a bill to demonetize silver. He himself, he declared, was a better friend of silver than any Senator who resorted to obstruction methods to defeat the bill. It was not proposed to demonetize the six hundred millions of silver money (issued under the Bland and Sherman Acts) now in circulation. Indeed, he went on, the repeal bill did not propose to touch money, but simply to suspend the purchase of silver bullion as a commodity. On Saturday he renewed his request that a time be fixed for closing the debate, but again it was objected to and withdrawn. He promises soon to ask for longer sessions or continuous sessions until the bill is disposed of. The best speeches of the week were made by Senator Daniel, of Virginia, against unconditional repeal, and by Senators Lindsay, of Kentucky, and Allison, of Iowa, in its favor. Senator Daniel contended that to repeal the Sherman Act in such a way as entirely to stop the issue of silver currency was as false to Democratic pledges as would be the repeal of the McKinley Act in such a way as to stop the receipt of public revenue. Senator Lindsay contended that the opponents of unconditional repeal had no right to assume that President Cleveland would not carry out the pledges of the Democratic platform to provide for a silver currency. Senator Allison contended that the stopping of silver issues in America furnished the one method of forcing other nations to adopt bimetallism.

❀

Opponents of the single gold standard may gather some encouragement from the progress of discussion in England. The "Investors' Review" even goes to the extreme length of suggesting that, whatever the injury to English bondholders, the United States might be the gainer if it accepted the silver standard. The London "Spectator," while holding to its old belief in monometallism, brings out strongly the fact that the gold production is insufficient to supply the currency needs of the world unless the value of gold is so greatly increased as to ruin many of those who have agreed to make fixed payments in the future. More important than either of these declarations, however, is the article in the current number of the "Fortnightly Review" by Mr. W. H. Grenfell, the Liberal Member of Parliament who resigned his seat a few weeks ago, largely on account of his opposition to the monometallist policy pursued by Mr. Gladstone. The article is such a review of that policy as shows that the thinking men of England are rebelling against monometallism, and that the conscience of England cannot be entirely stifled by the fact that England is a creditor nation and therefore gains enormously by the changes which are being made in the standard of value. Starting with Mr. Gladstone's concession that there must have been a gold famine at the time of the California and Australia discoveries if these discoveries had not taken place, he demonstrates in a manner worthy of quotation the greater peril of such a famine to-day:

> "The gold production of the world in 1852 was $180,000,000; now it is little more than $125,000,000. In 1852 bimetallism was in full operation; now silver is being discarded. If the possibility of a gold famine is admitted in 1852, can the actuality of a gold famine be denied now? . . . At the height of the gold discoveries an attempt was made, and to some extent carried out, to demonetize gold. The same cry for 'good money,' for 'honest money,' was raised by the same classes; but then the money cried out for was silver money. The same classes, the money-lending classes, the classes whose object it is to lend a shilling and have the debt made by law into eighteenpence, were terrified by the great gold discoveries. This will never do, they said; gold is getting a great deal too plentiful; gold must be demonetized. As the production of gold fell off, the production of silver happily increased, and prices might have remained fairly steady, but the same cry was raised by the same classes—Silver is 'dishonest,' silver must be demonetized; and demonetized it was. Even if silver had not been demonetized, I believe there would have been some fall of prices. But if this would have been the case, why should this amount be further decreased by artificially restricting the use of silver? That England is the great creditor country cannot be gainsaid; but I am happy to think that there are those in England to whom the honor of England is as sacred as her debts, and who blush to see the part England is playing—not merely of a Shylock, but of a Shylock who uses false weights and measures, and who strenuously resists all attempts to have them rectified."

❀

The tariff hearings before the Ways and Means Committee of the House which began week before last are being continued from day to day. Those in attendance are chiefly manufacturers and importers. The iron industry, the pottery industry, the glassware industry, and others have been heard from, and in every case but one the manufacturers have asked that the proposed reductions

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of duty shall take place either not yet or not at all. The exception to this rule was the glassware industry, in which not only the manufacturers who sell glass were heard from, but also the manufacturers who buy it. The latter class were represented by a committee of the Furniture Manufacturers' Association, who urged that their industry asked for no protection in order to retain the home market, but did ask for relief upon its taxation on its raw material in order to reach the foreign markets. Glass was an important raw material, and they asked that the duty upon it be reduced, if not removed. Most of the importers who have been heard have asked for a reduction of the tariff, but their demands have not been such as to indicate that they are greatly concerned. If the tariff is to be lowered, they will, of course, expect time enough to be given them to sell the stock they have on hand. Hardly any one appeared before the Committee representing the general public of consumers, the interest of any one citizen in one schedule being, of course, too small to lead him to go to Washington to enter his protest. What has been most interesting about the hearings has been the lack of interest in them. Even in Pittsburg, a correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" claims that several large manufacturers have professed themselves indifferent as to how much the tariff is reduced. This general indifference contrasts so sharply with the intense excitement of a few years ago as to indicate both a widened belief that manufacturing is taxed as well as protected by the tariff, and a lessened fear that the Democratic party will make radical changes.

❀

Within the past fortnight the dissatisfaction of the working classes on the Pacific Coast with the non-enforcement of the Geary Law has found expression in several acts of violence. Near Fresno, California, the rioters did not content themselves with expelling the Chinese from their vicinity, but ransacked houses and carried off whatever valuables they could find. Public sentiment, of course, condemned these outrages, but at some points the public authorities were slow to act—and perhaps, as they claim, powerless to act. Governor Markham addressed a letter to Secretary Gresham, stating that order had been restored and would be maintained if possible, but that "an outbreak may occur at any moment unless assurances in some form are given by the authorities at Washington that the laws of the United States regarding Chinese are to be carried into effect within reasonable time." The belief had spread in California that the Administration did not intend to enforce the law; and while the great majority of Californians are willing to extend the time during which the Chinese now here may register, the feeling that the Administration was disregarding law furnished an excuse to the turbulent elements to disregard it also. Fortunately for the allaying of this lawless sentiment, United States District Judge Ross decided that warrants could be issued for the violation of the Geary Law on complaint of private individuals. A good many such warrants were issued, and the Administration at Washington rightly ordered that these warrants must be served by the United States Marshals and their deputies, and that any orders for deportations subsequently made in such cases must be put into execution to the extent of any funds available for that purpose. Already several Chinese have been shipped from Los Angeles to San Francisco, and are there in custody awaiting the decision of the higher courts to which their cases have been appealed. In reply to a resolution of inquiry from the Senate, Secretary Carlisle has informed that body that the balance available for the enforcement of the Geary Act is $63,000, of which $38,000 will be required to pay the salaries and expenses of the officers employed in administering the law. This leaves a balance of $25,000 available for the deportation of unregistered Chinese, or about enough to ship seven hundred of them to China. Representative Everett, of Massachusetts, has introduced an act extending for one year the period during which the Chinese may register. The discussion in the Senate indicates that if the additional time for registration is reduced to a few months, the Representatives from the Pacific slope will consent to its passage, since it was the avowed purpose of the Geary Law not to deport the Chinese now here, but merely to require registration in order that the continued but illegal importation of the Chinese might be effectually stopped.

❀

The bombardment of Rio Janeiro by the rebel fleet under the command of Admiral Mello, which began on Wednesday of last week, was resumed on Monday. The news which comes to us from the capital of Brazil is very scanty, as the Government controls the telegraph and is suppressing both telegrams and letters. It seems certain, however, that the second bombardment was a more serious affair than the first, in which little damage was done to the city itself, while the engagement between the forts and the fleet was indecisive. The general expectation here now is that the fall of President Peixoto may take place at any minute. A vessel which has reached Montevideo in Uruguay from Rio Janeiro reports that the latter city is in a condition of panic and almost anarchy, and that trade has been completely paralyzed. The attempt of the representatives of foreign countries to restore peace, or at least to prevent a bombardment, was altogether futile. The revolution has now spread throughout the entire navy, as the squadron sent to quell the insurrection in the province of Rio Grande do Sul has joined the movement. The immediate cause of the present attempt to overthrow Peixoto was his veto of an act passed by the Brazilian Congress prohibiting a Vice-President from ever filling the office of President—an act evidently aimed directly at Peixoto. Back of this, however, lies the general dissatisfaction at many arbitrary acts of the President, as well as a desire on the part of the province of Rio Grande do Sul to establish either an independent government or a political union with Uruguay. It is remarkable that in all the political overturnings that have occurred since the fall of the Empire the people as a whole have not taken an active part; the revolutions have either been provincial and on account of local causes, or they have been carried through by the army or navy acting independently. In all these emergencies talk has sprung up of the possible restoration of the monarchy under Isabella, the daughter of Dom Pedro, or possibly under Dom Pedro's grandson. We judge, however, that there is little probability of such a plan being carried out; the best hope that the world can have for Brazil is the establishing of a republic under stronger and sounder constitutional restraints than have existed with the governments of the last few years.

❀

The event of political importance in England last week was the publishing, by the National Liberal Federation, of a circular or manifesto regarding the action of the House of Lords in relation to the Home Rule Bill. We quote in part:

"The seven years' discussion by the country, the eighty-two days' consideration by the House of Commons, and the definitely ascertained wishes of over two millions of electors, are all to count as nothing when opposed to the views of some four hundred Conservative Peers, representing themselves alone, and, for the most part,

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assembled merely by virtue of being the sons of their fathers. A little more than a year ago a coercion Ministry appealed to the country, and was decisively ejected from office; yet Lord Salisbury and his colleagues to-day override the verdict pronounced at the polls, and arrogate to themselves paramount authority in the State. The play of various portions of our Constitution which Lord Salisbury has set in motion, and the permanent Tory majority in the House of Lords, are now pitted against the popularly elected majority in the House of Commons. Addressing the members of the National Liberal Federation at the great Newcastle meeting held two years ago, Mr. Gladstone said: 'If Lord Salisbury's threats are carried out, the House of Lords will raise up a question which will take precedence of every other question, because upon that question alone will depend whether the country is or is not self-governing, or whether, on the contrary, there is a power, not upon or behind the throne, but between the throne and the people, that will stop altogether the action of the Constitutional machine.' That issue is now raised, and the question of mending or ending the House of Lords, which held a subordinate place in the Newcastle programme, may, before long, as Mr. Gladstone forecasted, displace for a while all other subjects of reform, and cry aloud for vigorous and unflinching treatment. If the House of Lords is faithful to its traditions and practices, it will capitulate; if it is not, we of the Liberal party will enter on a fight of the result of which we shall not be afraid."

❀

The National Liberal Federation is the body which drew up the Newcastle Programme. There is, however, this difference between the Programme and the Manifesto: the Programme was drawn up at an annual convention (held at Newcastle, in October, 1891); while the Manifesto emanates from the Executive Committee only. The Federation consists of the representatives of the Liberal and Radical clubs in the constituencies. It was established a few years after the Reform Act of 1867, which enfranchised the working classes living within the areas of incorporated towns. In its earlier years the Liberals dominated the Federation; but after the Reform Act of 1884, as the Radicals increased in numerical strength in the constituencies and in Parliament, they increased their influence in the Federation, until now, as an organization, it is controlled by the advanced group of the Liberal party. The Liberal whips at Westminster are always in close touch with the inner council of the Federation, and when a general election occurs, the selection of candidates for constituencies in which local men are not forthcoming lies entirely with the whips and the inner circle of the Federation. The council is at the present time in close touch with the Government, and the manifesto of last week was probably approved by the Liberal whips in behalf of Mr. Gladstone. It is not by any means the first pronouncement of the Federation against the House of Lords. Before Mr. Gladstone committed himself and his party to Home Rule, when he was less dependent upon the Radical group than he is at the present time, "the mending or ending of the House of Lords" was a plank in the Federation platform; and it was, as in previous years, readopted at the now famous Newcastle Conference of 1891. The present significance of the manifesto is that it unmistakably shows where the fight is to be made at the next general election. If the Liberals can avoid it, it is not, after all, to be made exclusively on the Home Rule Bill. The House of Lords is to be involved as deeply as possible in the same contest; and, as was pointed out in last week's issue of The Outlook, the object of the Government at the present time is to secure the rejection by the Upper Chamber of one or two popular measures which it is hoped to pass in the House of Commons in the coming autumn session. These bills will not be rejected on their merit. They will be rejected because the House of Lords thinks there should be a dissolution on the Home Rule Bill, and on that alone. But the effect on the democracy will be the same, and they will have the House of Lords more in mind than the Home Rule Bill when they mark their ballots at the next election.

❀

It is not to be regretted that the United States has no more large stretches of territory to throw open to settlement after the fashion observed with Oklahoma and the Cherokee Strip. The wild rush last Saturday of from ninety to a hundred thousand people north and south from the boundaries of the Cherokee Strip resulted in the death of at least ten of the intending settlers; hundreds suffered almost every deprivation and hardship in the long wait for the signal; thousands—more, probably, than those who were able to gain possession of any land—were turned away landless, homeless, and without means of living. The plan of registration of intention before the day of opening caused a great deal of trouble, and does not seem to have had much effect in preventing disputes and speculation. When the settlers—on race-horses, bicycles, and railway trains—reached the desirable land, they found hundreds of "sooners" (to use the very expressive Western slang term for those who evaded the soldiers and entered the Strip sooner than the law allowed) already in possession and in some mysterious way furnished with certificates of registration. The three town sites—Perry in the east, Enid in the center, and Woodward in the west—became "cities" within twenty-four hours. The largest, Perry, is said to have now about twenty thousand inhabitants, and lots are already selling there for as high as $500. Speculators and agents of the railway companies are generally believed to have outwitted, by combinations, the genuine seekers for farm lands. The Strip is about two hundred miles long by sixty wide, and contains about six million acres, of which about one-third is worthless, one-third fairly good, and one-third (mostly in the eastern part of the Strip) really fine farming land. The "boomers," or prospective settlers, have, many of them, been camped on the border-line since last spring. In view of the demonstrated unfairness of this "catch-as-catch-can" method of distributing public land, of the thrusting aside of the real home-seeker by the speculator and professional "land-grabber," and of the scenes of bloodshed and suffering enacted last week, many will agree with the Indian Land Adjustment League in saying that the Government might far better have disposed of the land in plots under leases. The passion for getting something for nothing is one form of the gambling spirit which a Government should not encourage.

❀

The plan by which the parochial schools of Faribault, Minn., were merged into the public school system less than two years ago was last week definitely abandoned. Father Conry, who has been at the head of the Catholic parish, appeared before the Board of Education and stated that the Catholics of Faribault could no longer consent to the assignment of two Protestant teachers to the old parochial school. The Board at once annulled the lease, which would have expired on October 22. Similar action has been taken at Stillwater, the other city in which the plan was tried. The causes of the abandonment of this experiment, however, are not such as to preclude the possibility that it may be revived in some new form when an era of better feeling between Catholics and Protestants has set in. The opposition to the plan, it will be remembered, came chiefly from the two extremes of the religious, or irreligious, society—the Catholic-hating Protestants and the Protestant-hating Catholics. The former asserted that the plan was an effort on the part of the Catholics to get public money for the parochial school system, and the latter asserted that it was an abandonment

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of the struggle for a parochial school system. Between these two fires the plan has fallen. The general satisfaction given by its abandonment proves that its adoption was premature.

❀

The "Christian Advocate," of this city, publishes a letter of more than usual interest from Bishop Galloway, of Mississippi, upon the workings of the temperance laws in that State. For several years the Legislature has tightened the restrictions upon the sale of liquor, until Mississippi is to-day very nearly a prohibition State. "Of the seventy-five counties," says Bishop Galloway, "intoxicating liquors are sold in only ten; and the indications are that in the next few months the number will be reduced to five." In the county containing the State Capital there are only three saloons, all of which are in the city of Jackson. The villages and country districts throughout the State are entirely rid of dram-shops. Bishop Galloway states that the new Constitution, by its restrictions upon the suffrage, has greatly aided the temperance cause. Since its adoption not a single local option election has been lost. In the Delta, where the prohibition sentiment formerly was too weak for organization, four counties have recently voted no-license. As was to have been expected, therefore, the disfranchisement of the great body of the negroes by the education and tax qualifications has resulted in easy and rapid victories for the temperance cause. Whether these immediate gains will be offset by a permanent loss cannot yet be determined. In some of the Southern States—Georgia, for example—the saloon has been expelled from two-thirds of the counties without the disfranchisement of the negroes. In one of these counties recently visited by a member of our staff, he was told that there were "not a hundred men, white or black, who would sign a petition for the licensing of a saloon." A reform which is established with the consent of a majority of the whole people is so much more secure and effective than one that is imposed from above that Mississippi will not be the gainer if she accepts the belief that the temperance cause can now be advanced without the necessity of the moral education of her neglected classes.

❀

General News.—The Austrian Government has put the city of Prague, in Bohemia, in part under martial law, on account of the riotous demonstrations of the "Young Czechs;" the anti-German agitation, however, continues to increase.——Two papers in Wales assert that they have authority to announce that the Liberal Ministry has promised the Welsh Members of Parliament to make disestablishment of the Church in Wales the principle of a bill to be introduced in the autumn session.——Prince Bismarck's condition continues to excite alarm among his friends.——Charles de Lesseps was last week liberated from prison, after serving only about six months of the long term of imprisonment to which he was sentenced.——Many new cases of yellow fever developed last week at Brunswick, Ga., and most of the inhabitants again left the city.——The managers of the World's Fair are discussing the desirability of extending the date of the closing of the Exposition until January 1; the attendance continues to be very large.——About seventy people were drowned last week by a cloudburst at Villa-Canas, in the province of Toledo, Spain.——Twelve cases of cholera have occurred in Hamburg within two or three days; a single case is reported from the Hague; it is stated that out of 12,000 pilgrims to Mecca, over 5,000 perished from the cholera.——The hundredth anniversary of the laying of the corner-stone of the National Capitol at Washington was observed on Monday of this week; the principal address was made by Mr. William Wirt Henry, of Virginia.——On Sunday last the Emperor of Germany, the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Saxony met at the little Hungarian town of Guens, and together viewed the Austrian military maneuvers.——The English yacht Valkyrie, which is to compete against the Vigilant, was sighted last Saturday about four hundred miles from New York; the international race will be postponed a few days.

To Bimetallists

We believe, with you, in a double standard. We believe that the present difficulties have been partly caused and greatly increased by the fact that the commercial nations of the earth have adopted a single gold standard; believe that there is not gold enough in the world to serve as a basis for the world's currency; believe that the demonetization of silver has worked practical injustice to very considerable sections in the community; believe that its remonetization on a relation with gold to be agreed upon, if it could be accomplished by the co-operative action of the great commercial nations of the world, would do much to afford permanent relief from the present world-distress.

We understand, too, at least in a measure, the arguments in favor of the remonetization of silver by the United States without waiting for the concurrent action of other nations. They may be briefly summarized as follows: If, it is said, the restriction of silver coinage has worked a wrong, its suppression will work a greater wrong. It is idle to talk of "forcing" creditor nations, or even nations dominated by creditor classes, to join in righting this wrong, which enriches these nations and these classes. If the remonetization of silver is to take place, the one great debtor nation of the world, and the one nation which has shown itself in earnest about the rights of debtors, must lead the way. If France, a generation ago, was able to keep the two metals at par for years under circumstances more trying than they are to-day, the United States can now, for years at least, maintain their parity. Even creditor nations may then be persuaded to confirm the ratio once established and make it perpetual. These are the arguments, in brief. They are weighty. Nevertheless, we believe in the immediate and unconditional repeal of the Sherman Act. We ask you to consider the reasons for that belief, as held by a bimetallist and as stated from the bimetallist point of view.

The Sherman Act is not bimetallism, it does not lead toward bimetallism, it is not even consistent with bimetallism. It treats silver, not as a standard of values, but as a marketable commodity—measures it by a gold standard, and provides for purchasing it at the rates which prevail in the markets of the world. Bimetallism cannot be established in the United States until the Sherman Act is repealed and the principle embodied in the Sherman Act is repudiated. That Act has rendered a useful service to the country in providing an addition to the volume of our currency, but this service can be rendered in other ways, certainly as well, probably much better.

For it has rendered this service at a very serious cost. It has created, not one kind of money based on a double standard, but two kinds of money. And the fear that the silver money will not be kept on an equality with the gold money is one chief cause of the present panic. It has led men to hoard the gold money. It has led them to restrict credit until they know what the issue of the present financial crisis is to be. It has proved the dangers of a too expanded credit system by the disasters which have ensued upon a sudden constriction of the credit system. So long

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as that Act stands, and with it the purchase of silver according to a gold standard, and the consequent maintenance of two different kinds of money in circulation, whose equality of value depends upon the constant effort of the Government, so long credit will be restricted and business will suffer. To maintain the Sherman Act is not to do even abstract justice to any class in the community, and it is to do an incalculable practical injury to all classes in the community—an injury which falls most heavily on those least able to bear it. The first duty of statesmanship in such an exigency is to repeal the law which embodies no sound financial principle; which was originally adopted only as a temporizing expedient; which has outlived its usefulness; which, originally adopted as a compromise, is now equally unsatisfactory to both parties to that compromise.

That bill repealed, it will then be in order for those who are in principle bimetallists to endeavor to frame some legislation, not a temporizing expedient, not a bit of opportunism, but some law embodying what they regard as sound financial principles, and then to begin such a course of political education as may be necessary to secure its adoption by the people of the United States, at the earliest possible day, and with the least possible disturbance of the American market.

The Sherman Act threatens the public credit; constricts the currency which it was intended to expand; leads to hoarding; creates, not a double standard, but two kinds of money of unequal value, one of which is by the very language of the Act measured in the value of the other. Thus it bars the way to the adoption of a true bimetallism. The sooner it is repealed the better the prospects for a National campaign of education by bimetallists.

Emilio Castelar

It is probably true that Castelar, whose portrait we add this week to our gallery of those of famous men, enjoys a more peculiar, and on the whole a greater, fame outside of his own country than in it. His name would be the first to be mentioned by the majority of people in the United States, in South America, in England, probably in France, and possibly in Germany, in answer to the question, Who is the greatest Spaniard of this century? But in Spain itself his supremacy would not be so easily admitted. As an orator his countrymen would doubtless still concede him the primacy, though for many years his voice has scarcely been heard in the Cortes or in popular assemblages. But as a historical critic, as a philosophical and imaginative writer, as a constructive statesman, it is more than doubtful if they would assign him precedence. Other men of modern Spain have outstripped him in his own chosen fields of literature, and he himself has only this year admitted that the political evolution of his country has left him stranded and inactive. As regards positive direction of public affairs, he must yield to Sagasta, to Cánovas, to Gamazo, and even the leadership of republican aspiration he resigns to other hands.

Yet the judgment of the outside world is no doubt correct in recognizing Emilio Castelar as the greatest single influence that has helped on Spain out of mediævalism into modern civilization. From his first political oration in 1854, at the age of twenty-two, up to the time of his complicity in the unsuccessful revolution of 1866, which brought a sentence of death upon him, he was the prophet of the new Spain which since 1868 he has seen building itself slowly and laboriously upon the ruins of the old. From the Spain of Isabella to that of Maria Cristina, from the despotic methods of Serrano and Prim to the constitutionalism of Sagasta and Cánovas, it has needed a mighty effort to pass; and to the enthusiasm, the foresight, the personal purity and self-sacrifice of Castelar the great transition has been largely due. His sensitive ear was the first in Spain to catch the significance of the cries in behalf of liberty and human rights which went echoing through northern Europe at the middle of the century, and his eloquent voice aroused his countrymen from their lethargy. Nor did he limit his activity to public addresses in that period of ferment and agitation. As editor of one paper after another, as professor of history and philosophy in the University of Madrid, as political organizer, he was incessant and indefatigable in his protests against the shameless obscurantism and tyranny of the Bourbons, and in his burning appeals for liberty of thought and conscience. It was during that period that he laid a solid foundation for the gratitude of his fellow-Spaniards and the admiration of lovers of freedom all the world over.

Castelar's republicanism has always been with him simply a means to an end. The real things he has aimed at have been freedom of the press and of religion, trial by jury, universal suffrage, and a career open to talent. How they might come to be realized he has not greatly cared. As long as a Spanish Republic seemed possible, he labored for it without stint; but when the ill-starred experiment of 1873 convinced him that the people were not fit for republican institutions, he dropped the form for the substance, and thereafter worked as zealously in co-operation with Liberal monarchists as he had before with vehement republicans like Pi y Margall and Salmerón. This course he pursued at the cost of much suspicion and bitterness on the part of his old comrades, and of an absolute sacrifice of personal political ambition. But he maintains that he has found his justification and reward in the actual embodiment in law of most of the great political reforms which the Republic battled for but could not achieve.

Castelar's oratory is of the true meridional type. To the colder natures of the north it seems far too fervid and florid, too much like the performance of an impassioned improvisator wandering over the windy plains of Troy. But his style is wholly unaffected, fitting his glowing Andalusian nature like a glove, and proving its fitness to his immediate audiences by its power over them. Its rich ornament, its heaping up of simile and adjective, its long rolling periods, and its studied climaxes are not offensive to the Oriental taste of his Spanish auditors, as they would be to more phlegmatic peoples. And, however it may be with the form, the themes and the substance of his oratory are great and universal as human rights. Such subjects as political amnesty, liberty of conscience, the abolition of slavery, are those which have called forth his grandest flights and worked his greatest triumphs. In listening to, even in reading in cold blood, his orations of that class, we forget all externals in the one great impression of a noble nature carried out of itself by a passionate love of noble things.

Castelar's one experience of actual guidance of public affairs was during the few months he held the Presidency of the Republic, in 1873–4. He was confronted with tremendous difficulties. The Republic was threatened by wrangling factions within and the Carlist war without. Anarchy reared its head in different cities of Spain. Revolution was defiant in Cuba. War with the United States was threatened on account of the Virginius affair. It is the testimony of disinterested foreign observers, like M. Houghton, that Castelar displayed unrivaled energy and ability in

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those trying times. He put down anarchy with a firm hand. He held the troops to their work in Biscay and in Cuba. He arrived at an amicable and honorable settlement of the difficulty with the United States. The one thing he could not do was to placate the quarreling republicans in the Cortes, and when a vote of confidence was refused him, he resigned his office to make way for that restoration of the monarchy which he and all men saw to be then inevitable. Since then he has withdrawn himself more and more from active political life, so that his recent announcement of a purpose to make his retirement complete and irrevocable excited little surprise. He considers his work done, and means to spend his last years in those historical and philosophical studies which were his early delight and first ambition, and from which he turned aside only at the imperative call of his oppressed fellow-countrymen.

The Intellectual Movement in the West

The significant fact in the life of the central West of to-day is not its material but its intellectual activity and progress. Few people, not familiar with the history of the last ten years in that section, understand how eager and how contagious is the desire to command the resources of literature and art. From the very beginning the West has been full of moral and intellectual impulse; it was peopled with men and women of intelligence and aspiration; it has been strewn with colleges and schools; but its work has been so pressing and exhausting that the riper culture, so readily secured in older communities, has been postponed to the comparative rest and leisure of to-day. For the central West—from Detroit to St. Louis—has laid the foundations of civic and personal prosperity deep and solid, and has now entered upon a new stage in its development. Educational influences, vigorous from the start, are fast becoming dominant, and in the new era this energetic section will put into the general pursuit of the more generous aims of life the same tireless enthusiasm which has gone far to give it material supremacy in the country. The most significant aspect of the World's Fair is not its marvelous exhibit of the utilities, but its matchless illustration of that beauty of form and adjustment which has heretofore been postponed to the reaping of crops, the building of railways, and the making of cities.

In this higher development of the life of a group of great States, several elements have been influential. In the central West, as on the seaboard, the planting of colleges went hand in hand, in many sections, with the planting of the prairies, and the first-born in many frontier communities of half a century ago found colleges ready to furnish an education of a high order. Some of these institutions have taken rank with the oldest colleges in excellence of instruction and thoroughness of method. The University of Michigan, for instance, is one of the foremost institutions of the higher learning in America, with a reputation of the widest range and the most honorable character. The University of Wisconsin is another institution which has secured wide recognition based upon work of a high quality. The old Western Reserve University, now united with Adelbert College, is one of a group of colleges which have filled Ohio with trained men and women, and have doubtless done much to give that State the leadership it so long enjoyed in National affairs. These institutions—and there have been many of them—have for years past ministered to the intellectual needs of a growing population, and have done much to give life in new communities deeper and richer significance. From these centers of culture has gone forth an influence which will eventually become pervasive.

The academic impulse, however, rarely gives the initiative to a new movement of intellectual life; it prepares for it by diffusing taste and creating a genial atmosphere, but it rarely leads the way by any direct action of its own. The universities have often, perhaps generally, trained the men who have given impulse and direction to new departures of thought; but they have rarely given such a renaissance definite leadership. The Western colleges and universities have done much, but individuals have probably done more, in the way of giving direct inspiration to the awakening intellectual life of the section. Here and there, in that wide stretch of prairie, there have been men and women of clearer vision and riper culture than their fellows, who have striven with apostolic zeal and earnestness for the coming of the spirit of knowledge. In one town a group of people, under the leadership of a venerable and venerated teacher, have studied Plato these thirty years and more, and have secured a depth and breadth of culture such as comes only from lifelong intimacy with a great nature and an ample mind. In many other communities there have been groups of enthusiastic students who have quietly and persistently carried on studies which have not only enriched them, but have given tone and quality to the society about them. Twenty-five years ago a group of notable men and women were studying Plato and Hegel in St. Louis, and then set in motion a movement of which The Outlook will later give its readers a full account. One of the leaders of that movement, the man who gave it expression on the literary side, is Mr. Denton J. Snider, of whose work as a critic and interpreter of the greater works of literature an estimate is supplied elsewhere by Professor F. H. Stoddard. That a trained academician should give so generous a recognition to the work of a man who has always worked outside academic lines is not without significance. Mr. Snider's career has been singularly individualistic and out of the common. For many years he has been a kind of wandering scholar, teaching from town to town the deep things of life and art as they are found in Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe. By lectures and addresses delivered in scores of places, season after season, Mr. Snider has carried on a work of culture of the most genuine kind, and in a spirit of rare disinterestedness. No man in the country has surpassed him in tireless and uncompromising devotion to an ideal which he has in large measure realized. Turning neither to the right nor to the left, largely indifferent to the things for which most men strive, he has devoted his life to the exposition of what he aptly calls the great Literary Bibles. His methods, his devotion, and his marked individualism remind one of those wandering Humanists who, rejected by the universities, carried the new learning and the richer culture all over Europe. To Mr. Snider's efforts have been due, in large measure, the very successful literary schools held of late years in Chicago and St. Louis.

To the study of literature in its larger aspects must be added, as the decisive evidence of growing intellectual life in the West, the rise of a large group of writers of distinct gift and marked quality—a group to which additions may be constantly expected, and whose work will have a local flavor of the right kind. Agencies long at work often disclose their energizing power by a rapid development on the lines along which they have been operating; and there are many signs which point to literary productiveness in the West in the near future.

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Lord and Lady Aberdeen

THIS week the Earl of Aberdeen lands in Quebec, and assumes the functions of vice-royalty in the Dominion of Canada. His appointment as Governor-General is for a term of five years; in that office he is the direct representative of the Queen; as such he belongs to neither political party, and exercises no direct influence on party politics in the Dominion. It is not quite true to say, as is sometimes said, that his functions are social rather than political; they are in the Dominion almost exactly what are the functions of the Queen in the Empire. In the United States the Government changes with a change of administration. In Great Britain, though parties change, the Government has a certain unbroken continuity, represented in the person of the Sovereign, and in the Colonies in the person of her direct representative. This continuity is, it is true, in a sense, one of sentiment; but it is none the less real and significant. This continuity of national life is represented in Canada by the Governor-General.

We publish herewith the portraits of both the Earl and the Countess of Aberdeen, because they are identified in all their public no less than in their private life. The Countess of Aberdeen is the President of the Irish Industries Association; but her husband is no less active in promoting the admirable work of that patriotic and philanthropic organization, wisely keeping himself in the background lest his well-known approval of the principles of Home Rule should operate to exclude Conservative support from a wholly non-political movement. On the other hand, it is safe to say that the remarkable success achieved by the Earl of Aberdeen in the five or six months' administration of his office, some seven years ago, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was due scarcely less to the catholic spirit, sympathetic heart, and combined social tact and brilliance of the Countess of Aberdeen than to his own sterling uprightness and singular combination of sympathy and sagacity.

The Earl of Aberdeen is one of a comparatively small number of Liberals among the landed aristocracy. That the aristocracy do not take kindly to democracy is surely not surprising, since the inevitable result of the successive victories of Liberalism is to curtail both the power and the privileges of the nobility; and though men may be found sufficiently unselfish to surrender willingly their privileges for the public good, when was a class ever found able to conceive that the power which it once exercised over the people would be better distributed among the people? In this movement toward the distribution of public power the Earl of Aberdeen has kept step with Mr. Gladstone, and the Countess of Aberdeen has kept step with them both. Her democratic faith is best illustrated by the fact that she is an ardent believer in woman's suffrage, has for some years been President of the Executive Committee of the "Woman's Liberal Federation," and is now President of the Federation itself, taking the place of Mrs. Gladstone, who has recently resigned. Lord and Lady Aberdeen's city home, in the suburbs of London, is one of Mr. Gladstone's most favorite retreats, as they are among his favored counselors. The Earl of Aberdeen has, however, held but one political office of importance—apart from his seat as Viscount Gordon in the House of Lords. He was, for the last five or six months of Mr. Gladstone's previous administration, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The result of his brief administration is best told by transcribing an account given of it by a Scotchman at the farewell dinner to the Earl of Aberdeen last month—an account more significant, coming, as I believe it does, from a strong anti-Home Ruler:

With regard to his Lordship's conduct as Viceroy of Ireland I am perhaps scarcely competent to speak, but I remember meeting an Irishman in Liverpool in the autumn of 1886, and on being introduced to him as a man from Aberdeen, he broke out into ecstasies, and said that Irishmen looked on Aberdeen men as their brethren, ever since we had sent them such a Lord Lieutenant. He wished the Government would send him back, and said if they did there would never be any more grumbling against Castle rule, for no man was ever so much liked as Lord Lieutenant as "your Lord Aberdeen," and then followed a description of the scene on the day on which Lord Aberdeen left Dublin, which, he said, would never be effaced from his memory, for in the midst of a crowd of over ten thousand men and women there was hardly a dry eye to be seen. Perhaps you may think I am overstating it, but I assure you these are the words of Paddy himself, unexaggerated in the slightest degree.

Equally significant are the two facts that, under the Earl

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of Aberdeen's administration, for the first time for many years, social relations were established between the Castle and the Mansion House—that is, between the Queen's representative and the Lord Mayor of Dublin; and in a serenade to the Earl of Aberdeen "God Save the Queen" was played—the first time, it is said, that it had been played by an Irish band for nearly a hundred years.

We are accustomed to speak of the English nobility as forming a leisure class, and sometimes to wish that we had a leisure class in America. In truth, society has no place for a leisure class, strictly speaking; the fine scorn of Mr. Gladstone for the "idle rich" is well deserved. The so-called "leisure class" is simply a class relieved from the necessity of laboring for its daily bread, and therefore set free to engage in higher labors for the public welfare. I doubt whether even in the United States a busier husband and wife could be found than these two members of the "leisure class." I was privileged to see them entertaining their twelve hundred tenants one afternoon last month, in the grounds of their country residence, Haddo House, in Aberdeenshire, in the North of Scotland. The most radical democrat could scarcely have looked upon the scene, and witnessed the unaffected interest and affection existing between landlord and tenant, as members of one great household, and not felt that a modernized feudal system might possess some advantages over democracy. It is doubtful whether any employer in the United States could have established such relations of amity and good will as were there to be witnessed.

But the activities of Lord and Lady Aberdeen are by no means confined to either the care of their own great estate or the active promotion of public interests through their political party organizations. The public and philanthropic interests in which they are engaged are legion. From something like a score of them I select four, for mere mention.

With the "Boys' Brigade," of which Lord Aberdeen is Honorary President, the writings of Professor Drummond have made American readers somewhat familiar. The object of the Brigade—to promote Christian manliness; the method of the Brigade—military organization and drill; the membership of the Brigade—boys between twelve and seventeen; the conditions of membership—a simple agreement to comply with the Rules of the Company and to set an example of good conduct to their comrades and other boys; the extent of the Brigade—which already has its divisions throughout Great Britain and, we believe, in all her colonies, as well as, recently, in the United States; and the results of the Brigade—which numbers on its roll over twenty-one thousand boys, and shows very distinct gain in their habits of order, discipline, and self-respect—all combine to make this movement one of great hopefulness. Nor, it should be added, has Lord Aberdeen's office been by any means the merely nominal one which the title might lead one to suspect it to be. He was, we believe, one of the founders of the organization, and from the commencement he has been active in promoting its work. "The Parents' National Educational Union," of which the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen are jointly Presidents, is an organization which would not be a superfluity in the United States. Its object is to promote the home training of children and the better co-operation of parents and school-teachers in the work of education. "The Irish Industries Association," of which the Countess of Aberdeen is President, but in which, as I have said, her husband is equally interested, affords a fine illustration of the triumph of disinterested benevolence over partisan and sectarian prejudices. Its object is to promote home industries in Ireland; out of it has grown the "Lady Aberdeen Irish Village" at the World's Fair in Chicago, whose object is to introduce Irish home handiwork to the American market. In this Irish Industries Association are co-operating Protestant and Roman Catholic, Tory and Liberal, Cork and Belfast. In Haddo House are two large volumes of "addresses" which at various times have been presented to the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen—one or both—by various public bodies. The most eloquent of these are those which have come from various societies and cities in Ireland; and of these, most pathetic of all are two or three written by childish hands on ornamented note-paper, and presented in person by school-children, thanking the Countess of Aberdeen for what she has done to bring work to their cottages and so make their homes happier. Whatever faults the Irish may possess, they are an appreciative and grateful people. Perhaps the most interesting of all these philanthropic organizations, which owe their existence and much of their activity to the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, is the "Onward and Upward Society." Starting in Aberdeenshire in a very humble and quiet attempt to improve the condition of farm servant-girls in that part of the country, it has gone onward and upward, and now includes 115 branches in Scotland and England, with over eight thousand members and associates, the former being the ladies who are engaged in the work, the latter the servant-girls who are enlisted. The work itself might be described in a sentence as a combination of the Young Women's Christian Association, the Working-Girls' Clubs, and the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle; the object of the work, the education, in the largest sense of that word, of servant-girls; the means of education, courses of reading both secular and religious, and meetings, more or less frequent, in which members and associates intermingle; the essential principle being a bringing together of ladies and servants on the common ground of a common humanity.

In a recent article, Mr. Stead, the English editor of the "Review of Reviews," compares the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen to Lord Shaftesbury. "No man has yet arisen," he says, "to occupy the seat of Lord Shaftesbury. But although no man has arisen, it is becoming apparent that a man and woman together are not unworthy successors of the great philanthropist." We shall probably never have a landed aristocracy in the United States, and I hope never a hereditary "leisure class;" but surely there are men and women of wealth in the United States who might learn a lesson of life from the example of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen; might learn that there is some better use for wealth than to employ it in getting more wealth, or to expend it in ingenious, useless, and wearisome extravagances, or even to give it away in one sum for other people to administer in benevolence after the accumulator of it is dead and gone; might learn what an opportunity for joyous life in public service is afforded by the combined possession of wealth, social culture, and intellectual ability. L. A.

Industrial America[1]

VI.—The Silver Mines of Colorado

From a Staff Correspondent

It is a mistake to suppose that everybody in Colorado is in favor of the free coinage of silver. In Colorado Springs the prevailing sentiment among well-to-do people is against that measure. Even in Denver, where Eastern health-seekers form an insignificant minority, I was assured by an opponent of free coinage that more than half of "the solid business men" of the city were on his side. Free-coinage men characterized this statement as an exaggeration, but only as an exaggeration. The bankers and the money-lenders were confessedly against free coinage, and these constitute an important part of the moneyed classes in a State which has a larger mortgage indebtedness than any other. Among the body of the people, however, the demand for free coinage is well-nigh universal, and often vehement in the last degree. So intense is the popular sentiment that many of the bankers, even, have, in their public utterances, favored free coinage at a new ratio, or free coinage limited to the American product. But the mass of the people stand with the farmers of the Mississippi Valley and the South in rejecting

[1] The preceding papers in this series were published in the issues of July 8, July 29, August 12, August 26, and September 9. In the last article the writer carelessly stated that three-quarters of the people in Kansas are farmers. The proportion is less than two-thirds.

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both of these compromises. They will impress it upon you that what they stand for is not protection for their own miners, but justice to all classes which were wronged by the demonetization of silver. They believe that this demonetization was the result of a world-wide combination to contract the currency, and they demand that the wrongs inflicted by demonetization shall be remedied by remonetization.

This demand for justice rather than protection is in many cases only half-sincere. When you find the free coinage of silver advocated by many wealthy and influential men, who are opposed to all other measures to better the distribution of wealth, you cannot help attributing their creed to their business interests as mine-owners. We are having in our day a repetition of what occurred in the generation before the war, when the owners of the gold mines of California were the one rich class that demanded the use of hard money as distinguished from bank notes. The Colorado mine-owners will no more admit that they advocate a silver currency because of their business interests than Eastern bankers will admit that they oppose a silver currency because of their business interests. Yet in Colorado, as in the East, the currency views held by the interested classes are so exactly in accord with their business interests that the latter must be regarded as determining the former.

It is astonishing to visitors from the East to find how ably some very plain people in Colorado can advocate the free coinage of silver. This is in part due to the fact that so many of them came originally from the East and once held different ideas. It is further due to the fact that the daily papers in Colorado publish in full the monometallist dispatches sent them from the East, while Eastern daily papers generally confine themselves to ridicule of the free-coinage position. Upon this point I was forcibly struck by the fact that Colorado dailies gave up more than two columns of their space to the letter of ex-Senator Henderson, of Missouri, to Secretary Carlisle advocating gold monometallism. An Eastern paper would not have given half an inch to a free-coinage letter by a man of greater fame. This familiarity with the anti-silver argument of course greatly increases the debating ability of the average citizen of Colorado. But this is not the chief cause of the remarkable intellectual activity upon the currency question. The continued coinage of silver is naturally believed to be a matter of life or death to the prosperity of the State. The value of the precious metals mined annually has been about $300 for every family in the State, and gold is scarcely mined at all except in conjunction with silver. The abandonment of the silver mines means that this source of income is almost entirely cut off, and since the miners have furnished the foundation demand for the services of the merchants, the mechanics, the farmers, and even the railroads of this State, nearly all classes feel that their fortunes are bound up with the continued use of silver as money.

By all odds the most instructive day to me in Colorado was that spent in Leadville. It was less than two weeks after the news had come from London that the mints of India had been closed to the free coinage of silver. The price of silver, it will be remembered, had fallen from eighty-four cents an ounce to sixty-nine cents. When we came within sight of Leadville, my car companion, an old miner, looked out and remarked, "Only two smoke-stacks going—the town is dead." These two smoke-stacks belonged, not to the mines—every one of which had shut down—but to the smelting-works, two of which had not yet disposed of the stock of ore they had on hand. The streets were full of idle men. On visiting one of the large mines I found the engineers and three or four workmen on hand, with abundant leisure to show me all there was to be seen. Taken down the shaft of the mine five or six hundred feet, I was shown why the engines were kept going at such great expense when no ore was being dug out. In this mine, as in nearly all others, the pumping has to be kept up incessantly in order to keep the water from filling the mine and destroying the machinery. From these men about the mines I learned about miners' wages; these had fallen from the four dollars a day customary in the early days to three dollars, but for years had been held at that figure by the grim determination of the men and the good-natured concessions of the employers. Trades-unions, it appeared, were weak in Leadville, and the miners were chiefly united in making Leadville an unsafe place for any Chinaman to enter. Three dollars a day in Leadville, it may be said, is no more than two dollars a day in New York City, for the rents of the five-room frame shanties are in the neighborhood of thirty-five dollars a month, while supplies of all sorts, especially food supplies, have to be brought great distances, and are inordinately dear. When I returned to the hotel, I felt dejected enough over the outlook of the people of the town. This feeling was increased after dinner, when the hotel lobby filled up with a committee of citizens who had come to discuss the abandonment of the Fourth of July celebration, and the devotion of the unexpended money to the relief of citizens already in need. An old college acquaintance of mine was among them, and he introduced me to one man after another of those who gathered. Some, I found, were in favor of holding the celebration, and making a new Declaration of Independence. One of those who most strongly urged that the balance of money left should be expended in poor relief was the Presbyterian minister. It would be interesting could some Eastern minister who regards silver money as dishonest money be brought in contact with this Leadville clergyman. He not only believed in the free coinage of silver as an economic doctrine, but as a religious doctrine, and had preached it to his congregations.

Thus far I had seen only the serious side of Leadville, and sympathized with the feelings of its citizens that it was a "murdered town." Later in the evening, however, my old college friend took me to see the sights of the town. He went with me for company's sake, and not because any one needed a guide in order to see them. On the main streets we passed or entered one gambling-hall after another—nearly all of them crowded with men. The miners were playing low stakes, but it was obvious that many of them were risking their last dollars. When I had seen the crowds in the gambling-places, the saloons, and the concert-halls, I returned to the hotel feeling that civilization might be the gainer if such a town were blotted out of existence. It was certainly the wickedest town I had ever seen. Even my old college friend employed an occasional Leadville exclamation, and when I suggested to him that even his conversation had been affected by Colorado atmosphere, he replied, "Oh, yes—even the ministers swear in Leadville!"

The next day I again saw the serious side of the situation. On all sides I was told that the immoral side of the town was not nearly so flagrant as it had been years before, and though the town still derived a revenue of $1,300 a month from the licensing of its gambling-houses, and $550 a month from its brothels, there was a strong sentiment, especially in the Populist party, in favor of closing these places. During one year the people had closed the gambling-halls, but the leading business men in the town had united with the gamblers in securing a return of the old régime, which was believed to make business lively, and which was certain to afford high rents for certain pieces of real estate and to leave large deposits in the banks.

This second day I visited one of the smelting-works, and had a great many talks with citizens of different ranks. At the smelting-works I had confirmed what I had been told before, that the cost of mining silver was greater now than in the early days of the town. As the years went by, the cost of mining tended to increase. The difficulty of striking new veins decidedly increased, and the old veins had to be dug deeper and deeper, at constantly increasing expense. Intelligent men at Leadville admitted that there were mines, such as the Molly Gibson, where silver could be produced at thirty cents an ounce, just as there were gold mines where gold could be produced at five dollars an ounce; but the cost of production in the silver industry, they said, is the amount of money put into the silver business in order to get out the product.

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This was greater to-day than it was in the days when silver was admitted to the coinage.

One of the most interesting citizens with whom I talked was the Populist member of the Legislature from Leadville. This man was a storekeeper of considerable property; he was a Populist because he was a Socialist in his convictions. Like most other Populists I met, he not only believed in the free coinage of silver, but in large additions to our greenback currency. "How large a currency do you think this country ought to have?" I asked. "I do not know," he answered, "but I think that we need a great deal more than we have now, and I would have the Government gradually issue greenbacks as long as they remained at par in gold. When gold rose to a premium, I should believe that the danger-line had been reached, and that the issue should be stopped." Even this radical Populist, therefore, believed in President Harrison's dictum that every dollar, gold, silver, or paper, must be as valuable as every other dollar. This sentiment is nearly universal both in the West and the South. The demand for the repeal of the Bland-Allison Act and the Sherman Act, it will be remembered, has always been to prevent a predicted depreciation of the silver currency. This depreciation has never yet taken place. If it should take place under the free coinage of silver, the advocates of contraction would find that substantially the whole public was in favor of the maintenance of an honest dollar. C. B. S.

An Interpreter of Poets

By Prof. Francis H. Stoddard

The function of the great critic is as creative as is the function of the great poet, artist, dramatist. In many ways it is more immediately arousing. The great artist is he who finds reality and possibility of incarnation in an idea; or, the great artist is he who finds an idea and possibility of divinity in a reality. There have always been these two sorts of artists. One can find the Sophocles, the Dumas, the Tolstoï, the Molière, who prisons an idea and fixes it in carnate form, to us of flesh and life forever an embodiment in life and flesh of a heretofore vague and fugitive notion. The idea becomes living in the Œdipus, the Electra, the Anna Karénina, the *Malade Imaginaire*, the Athos, Porthos, and D'Artagnan. And one can find the Shakespeare, the Arnold, the Browning, who sets free from its earth-bonds a thought-existence, a spiritual life, too far, too fine, too free for carnate form freely to compass it. The characters—Hamlet, Lear, Othello—die into a larger life for us. In literature, in all great presentations, we have these two sorts of artists:

> One "rais'd a mortal to the skies;"
> One "drew an angel down."

Each becomes an artist, comes into the higher rank of a creator, because he establishes a relation between a past ideal and a newly created actual; or, because he establishes a relation between an existing life and a possible, yet unrealized, notion. Always the artist establishes, one may say creates, the relation; sometimes he establishes, creates as we say, the ideal notion itself.

But the idea is apart, is untemporal, is of no age; the actual is near, is closely united to ourselves, is definitely of this age. Living mostly in a past age, or in a strange age, or in a future age, is the artist, whether he be poet, painter, or prophet. By so much as he is a great artist—because he brings, for himself and in his own way, into temporal life the eternal, ageless world-ideas—the poet is out of reach of instant comprehension to us, and out of reach of our ordinary thought-habit. Even the lines of phrase get a mystical convoluteness in consonance with the subtle thought-method of a great poet. If, then, a reader cares to understand such a poet, or such an artist, he must in some way establish a mental friendship, and cultivate a spiritual intimacy, with the notions, the ideals, the important personages, of the poet's mental circle. If the reader—by long and patient study; by abnegation of his preference, for the time being, that he may accept the poet's friend and the poet's ideal as his own ideal or his own friend; by creative completion of the outlines left incomplete here and there by the poet, and re-arousement of the minor forms not quite awakened into life by the poet—can bring himself into the poet's life-circle, the real, sympathetic appreciation comes. Such an audience every poet has. It is an audience fit—and few. Most of us are busy with our own small worlds, our own ideals, or our own mental and spiritual friends. If we are to enter the poet's circle, we must be introduced. And so the commentator has his function.

Of commentators there are, as of the creative artists, two sorts—critics and interpreters. The one is the critic who illustrates, who explains, who completes the fact for us. The other is the interpreter who makes us forget the author's hard and visible creation in the zeal he gives us for the author's faint and half-vanished ideal notion. For most uses, the critic is our best companion. Guide-posts, so to speak, under his direction, appear and point the way. He puts prose reality into the poetical language of the writer; he foot-notes him, and annotates him; he analyzes his style, and gives him good advice; he points out with great cleverness what the author is not, and how much better it would be were he other and different. We all read the criticisms of these commentators, and we find them helpful. They make straight the road to and from literature, and if they prefer the stone-paved highway to the flower-banked lane, they make, at all events, a useful choice.

But now and then appears a creative critic. Some years ago, under private imprint, were issued two volumes of philosophic commentary on the "Faust" of Goethe, by Mr. Denton J. Snider. Later, three volumes appeared on the Histories, the Comedies, the Tragedies of Shakespeare.

Denton J. Snider

One volume on Homer—the first part, I believe, of a fuller commentary—and two volumes on Dante, recently published, complete a list which I have in mind to use as illustration. Mr. Snider has as yet, I suspect, spoken to but a small audience through these books, at least in the Eastern States; for his works, though in part published some years ago, are difficult to obtain. I believe they are not largely read simply because they are not widely known. For this man, in his own way, and to those who can move with him, is a real interpreter of poets. To him the world is a great drama, and the poet a prophet or seer half unconscious himself of the full meaning of the speech he gives the world. There is a philosophy within the message of the poet for Mr. Snider, and he boldly thinks on past the bare lines into what he believes to be the poet's fullest conception. So it comes about that these works are studies into the art, the philosophy, the deeper meanings, of the poet's utterance; and so it comes about also that they are illuminative, suggestive, frequently irritating, always stimulating, to a thoughtful mind. Mr. Snider has a peculiar equipment. He has a mind of simplicity and ingenuousness; he has American directness; and he is saturated with Teutonic philosophy. These conditions make him somewhat exceptional. Far be it from me to single out any one in the throng of Shakespeare critics and name him as supreme even in a single direction. What I shall say is, that Mr. Snider is well-nigh unique among the interpreters of Shakespeare and Goethe. There is no other who has joined just such equipment to just such temper and trend of mind; and there is no reader, I venture to say, of these great poets to whom Mr. Snider's interpretations will not bring continually the charm of pleased surprise, and frequently the joy of receptive appreciation.

In considering the work of such an interpreter as Mr. Snider, one comment is sure to suggest itself to the reader.

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It is a question. It is the query whether Goethe really meant, whether Shakespeare really meant, that which Mr. Snider makes Hamlet and makes Faust to yield as significance. In reading these interpretations no doubt the literal, exact critic will frequently part company with the philosophic reader. In a strict literal sense it is certainly open to question if some of Mr. Snider's interpretations are true. One may question, for instance, whether Shakespeare viewed "Romeo and Juliet" as an exposition of the limitations of the institutional element in society, or considered "Troilus and Cressida" as a dramatic treatise on the distress logically resultant from a "Neglection of Degree" in a constituted community. All such theoretic philosophies, it may easily and with much truth be said, are put upon Shakespeare by Mr. Snider; the interpretation outruns the limit of the portrayal. Literally speaking, this is true; but there is something more than the literal in interpretations. It is a paradox in expression, but it is a truth in literature, that there are many things in this literature which are historically false and yet which are spiritually true. In the evolution of the beings which we call ourselves, the soul and the mind and the executive-shaping ability do not seem to have developed in synchronous stages, nor in parallel sequences. The ideal is now ages behind and now ages beyond the reality, and the literal critic is always sitting idealess with a foundling fact or sitting in hopeless vagueness contemplating a bodiless idea. The artist is of no age. He yokes the idea of yesterday to the fact of to-day; the ideal of now to the actual of then. For his interpretation the freer soul demands a parallel imaginative thought. The interpretation may not interpret Shakespeare. It may interpret in another fashion the idea which is suggested in the work of Shakespeare. In its best form such interpretation is as truly creative as any criticism of life in poem, novel, or drama. We have too few of such creative interpreters rather than too many.

Ulster and Home Rule

By Thomas Donnelly

In weighing the various forces that have combined against the Home Rule Bill, it is easy, perhaps, to overestimate the adverse influence of Ulster. That Ireland's northern province is unalterably opposed to Mr. Gladstone's measure we have all been taught to believe.

From the days of the warlike chiefs of Tyrconnel to the passing of the Act of Union the spirit of Ulster seems to have been strongly national. The Convention of Dungannon, which practically created the independent constitution Ireland enjoyed between 1782 and 1800, was conceived and held in Ulster, which was also, during the trying period immediately preceding the union, unswervingly loyal to the cause of Irish autonomy.

The masses are composed of Presbyterians and Catholics; the aristocracy of Protestant Episcopalians. At the last general election every Catholic candidate was pledged to Home Rule, while the Presbyterians are traditional supporters of Mr. Gladstone and his party. They, as Dissenters, do not forget how the Premier removed their pet grievance—an Irish State Church. Politically, therefore, Ulster Catholics and Presbyterians are allies. Opposed to them are the Protestant Episcopal aristocracy, or Unionists. At the present time Ulster's entire representation in the Commons shows a majority of anti-Home-Rulers—a majority, however, of but three or four members. The latter, moreover, were elected by constituencies in which the Protestant Episcopal interest happened to be unusually strong. Were Ulster to be polled without reference to the distribution of Parliamentary seats, the Home Rule must necessarily exceed the anti-Home Rule vote. Viewing the situation impartially from this standpoint, it is difficult to arrive at any conclusion other than that the masses of Ulster favor self-government, the aristocratic Unionist—or Loyalist—party representing only a powerful minority.

The Greater Glory[1]

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.

(Begun in The Outlook for July 1.)

CHAPTER XXII.

THE HOME OF POESY

A large house on a grim canal—a number of flat, uninteresting windows in a flat, uninteresting façade. A low front door, with a heavy graystone coping, and on each side, along the narrow "stoep," a row of stumpy stone posts, connected by iron chains. The rest of it a great daub of dirty orange plaster, without any excrescence or salient feature, except just one little rusty spy-glass sticking out on the basement floor—the whole building like a meaningless, rich man's face, in its ugly and insolent self-content, comfortably dull. Young Reinout's home at the Hague.

And opposite, and on both sides of it, similar dwellings, of darker color, flat and gray, under the lowering sky and the general gloom and primness, with the foul canal asleep in the middle of the grass-grown street. A grand house in a grand neighborhood.

Count Hilarius van Rexelaer drove up to his own door in the neatest of little broughams and entered hurriedly. His whole manner betrayed anxiety, but then, as we have seen, he had an irritable way about him and a habitual nervous twitch of the eyes. He was a man harassed by many things, who took life restlessly.

He passed through the low entrance-hall, with its damp marble floor, and ran upstairs to a comparatively brighter part of the house. He looked into his wife's boudoir; it was empty, but sounds to which he was well accustomed were issuing from the conservatory beyond. A sweet voice was shakily crooning some French words:

D'un seul regard il m'a tuée,
Car ce regard resta le seul.

The singing stopped at the sound of the opening door. A copper-colored mulatto woman, in iridescent drapery, rose up from the floor and made obeisance, as her master entered. The Countess Rexelaer lifted a slow head from her divan. "Ah, mon ami! Bonjour!" she said, and let it fall again.

"It is most vexatious," began the Count, spitting his words, as the French inelegantly but aptly put it. "There is nothing but worry. I can't stand the strain. I shall have to resign." He stopped, and scowled at the waiting-woman.

"Laïssa," said the Countess, languidly, "fetch me a glass of Cape wine and a biscuit—" and as soon as the mulatto had crept noiselessly away—"It is no use, my dear Rexelaer: I tell her everything you tell me."

The husband pushed aside a green parrot which had slipped from its perch on to a low chair by the couch, and, having thus freed a seat for himself, he sat down, unheedful of the disturbed favorite's flutter and fuss. "Come here, Rollo. Poor Rollo! Pretty Rollo!" interposed the lady. "Oh, bother! listen to me, Margot!" said the Count. When he called her "Margot," she knew that he was either very much pleased or very much put out. She herself had officially decreed, on becoming a Countess, that her name should henceforth be Margherita. "Pearl, for you, if you like, Hilarius." He had long ago left off calling her "Pearl."

"Well, what is it?" she asked, faintly. "You must not tire me to-day. The damp has given me my headache."

Said Count Hilarius, solemnly: "The King had a bad egg for breakfast this morning."

The Countess laughed, but indolently, as one who has more serious things to occupy her thoughts.

"You laugh!" cried the Count, in sudden wrath, "because you do not understand. By Heaven, it is no laughing matter! Who is responsible for the eggs? I! If it happens again, I shall resign."

"Nonsense!" she said, sitting up, alert and sharp.

"Ah, that brings you round, does it? I tell you my nerves can't stand the strain. This is the third time since

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Tuesday week. The eggs are new-laid, of course, but some wretched little red mess gets inside them. I suppose it's the food. None of the under-people can explain, and his Majesty is furious—rightly—and says it never occurred before. And I only three weeks in office!"

"It must not occur again," said Margherita, "not if we have to lay the eggs ourselves."

"To have chickens here, you mean?"

"Of course, I mean that. I do not believe the poor animals are to blame. It is the result of a conspiracy. You say yourself that all the Court people are against you, because they wanted your place for the Chamberlain's cousin. Be sure that an enemy inserts into the eggs the unpleasantness which his Majesty finds there."

"You think so?" he said, doubtfully.

"I am sure of it. We can keep the fowl here in the conservatory, if needs must, and Laïssa can feed them." She was sufficiently animated now.

"True," said the Count, rising; "you could easily add them to the menagerie. But perhaps it were better to abandon the whole thing. These Court cliques are terrible in their dead-set against a newcomer. They are merciless."

"What?" cried the Countess, leaning on one brown, jeweled arm. Then she added, in softest scorn: "Coward!"

"Oh, yes, it is easy enough for you to speak. You haven't got to face them! You simply stop at home and say, 'Make a great lady of me!'"

"Already?" she went on. "Three weeks of failure after six years of struggle. Coward, Coward, Coward!" She leaped to her feet with the last words, her eyes flashing. "Yes," she said, "I am going to be a great lady. I have paid for it. And I again say, Go, and make a great lady of me. Go!" Then, suddenly, she laughed, and threw herself back on the sofa. "You should have studied poultry-fancying in your youth, my lord Comptroller," she said. "We must get Reinout some pigeons—pretty, innocent things. My uncle de Cachenard—"

"Ah, spare me your uncle de Cachenard," he said, angrily, and walked from the room.

The Countess, left alone, arranged the coils of her magnificent black hair, and smiled to her Creole face in the glass. Then she looked round and said, "Coo-ee, Coo-ee," and the mulatto woman came gliding back.

Count Hilarius had not been wrong in speaking of the menagerie. "Aviary" would perhaps have been a more accurate term, for the whole place was in a flutter of exotic birds. It was suffocatingly hot, an unavoidable concession to the animals in question, and not an unwilling one on the part of their mistress, whose natural tastes preferred the sun to any and every thing in creation except herself, but awarded the third place—a long way below—to a blazing hot fire. "A good stove," she used to say, "is like a husband—ça réchauffe. But the sun is like a lover—ça brûle."

She had built out this large glass house at the back of her dull little boudoir, and had stocked it with a store of greenery—feathery ferns and wide palms and a number of prickly tropical plants. She had orange-blossoms in it, and a mass of gardenias, and the strong perfume of these starry flowers mingled very perceptibly with the odor of the birds. As for these, a whole lot of them lived in open cages among the verdure, a bright-plumaged, twittering, unmusical rainbow of colors—"nature's jewels," said the Countess, toying with the diamonds she persistently wore on her arm. "If I am to be buried alive," she had said, when first brought to the house in the Hague, "at least I will have a hole in my grave, through which to see the earth and the flowers." She lived in her conservatory. She was always cold, and she used to repeat, with an unpleasing grin, that she never expected to be warm again—on earth.

The Countess sipped her wine. She was very sensitive, and could take nourishment only at irregular hours. And her digestion was a weak one; wholesome food disagreed with it. She ate sweetmeats and cakes in indefinite quantities out of boxes and bonbonnières which were always left lying about. Often the various animals would get at these receptacles, and then would ensue much brief exultation and subsequent sorrow, and stains on the Oriental carpets and silk hangings—not that anybody noticed the more recent ones among the many of earlier date.

The copper-colored woman crouched down at a little distance from her mistress's divan, and one of the parrots, settling down on her shoulder, began screeching "Laïssa," which name, by the by, was a corruption of Eliza. For the mulatto's mother, an exceedingly vain personage, had declared herself and her daughter, in a moment of presumption, to be of English extraction, and had stuck to the story ever after on account of its unreasonableness. Black? There were many Englishmen born black. Satan himself was an Englishman, as every good Catholic in Rio could have told you.

"You want to know, I suppose," said the Countess. "Eh?"

"I? But no, M'am Rita. Let me sing you your song again, and you can go to sleep." And once more Laïssa began rocking herself to and fro and moaning:

Sous les tilleuls j'étais couchée.
Il a passé sous les tilleuls.
D'un seul regard il m'a tuée,
Car ce regard resta le seul.

The woman crooned the words over and over without paying any attention to their meaning, while her mistress—who was the author of their being—lay listening with half-closed eyes of content.

"The idea is beautiful," said the Countess at last, interrupting the endless chant, "but the execution might be better. Rhymes a, a, are all right, but not rhymes b, b. Do you think, Laïssa, that 'tilleuls' rhymes with 'seul'?"

"Very well indeed, M'am Rita," replied the mulatto.

"Ah, you always say 'very well indeed,' but that does not satisfy my literary aspirations. You are not a literary character, Laïssa."

"No, M'am Rita," said the woman, submissively.

"Do you know, you stupid, what a literary character is?"

"No, my jewel. Is it something bad?"

"It is the grandest thing on earth; it is an angel. Especially when it is a genius. I often think that I should have been a genius, Laïssa, had I not been a woman."

"A woman is a very good thing too," said Laïssa. "I daresay men like the women best."

"Do not expose your boundless ignorance, even to me. Pass me the rhyme-dictionary; Rollo is scratching it. Naughty Rollo. I must look up another rhyme for 'seul.' Aieul. How would that do?

"Sous les tilleuls il m'a passée,
Sous les tilleuls de mon aieul.

"I don't care for the repetition of the same sound, though some people might consider it musical. No, I have it. This is better, and has a delightfully aristocratic ring:

"Dans le jardin il m'a trouvée
Du beau château de mon aieul,
D'un seul regard il m'a tuée,
Car ce regard resta le seul.

"Sing it, Nursie; let me hear how it goes. Ah me, the words awaken painful memories. A castle of our fathers! I shall never forgive the Count that he has not been able to procure me one."

"The saints will help, dearie," said the mulatto, soothingly.

"For shame!—how often must I tell you not to talk of the saints! They are angry with me for turning Protestant. Let sleeping dogs lie."

"Well, then, we must try the cards," said the mulatto. "Shall I lay them for you, my pet, while you eat some chocolate-creams?"

"Yes, do," replied the Countess, cheerfully. "I must compose a second stanza this afternoon; my head is too tired. Give me the box, off the watering-pot. No, no, Rollo. Go away. Down, Flora! Ah, there is a capital conjunction—the aces!—the aces!—turn up the other ace—that's right! Oh, you dear, good Laïssa!" She bent forward over the cards, a chocolate-cream in her hand. "Something fortunate is going to happen! Delightful!" And she unthinkingly clapped her hands and smashed the sweetie.

"Something fortunate is going to happen," repeated the

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mulatto, gravely, as she continued to spread the cards on the Turkish carpet before her. "Great riches—but these you do not want, honey. You have enough."

"Never enough," dissented the Countess, vehemently, pushing her hand in among the cards. "My uncle de Cachenard was a rich man; I hate him for not leaving me everything."

"In my country," said the mulatto, "a yard of cotton and a few figs, it is enough."

"Less than that," cried Margherita, passionately. "No cotton at all, and one fig, and the blazing sunshine! For the animal it is enough. But for the soul within me a hundred millions, to buy splendor and power and greatness! I want rivers of diamonds, oceans of diamonds. And emeralds, and sapphires, and rubies!" She stopped for breath and bit off a fragment of chocolate.

"Yes, diamonds are pretty: I was not thinking of diamonds," replied the waiting-woman, still continuing her combinations. "And other jewels; you shall have them, my pretty! See, here comes the Queen of Diamonds again. You shall have a beautiful castle. It is coming, just the kind that you like."

The Countess laughed. "An ancestral home," she said, "ordered in from the bazar! No, my good Laïssa, the old man at Deynum says 'no' to the Queen of Diamonds. It is impudent of him, for he has not the necessary money himself, and should make room for his betters. You may have my brooch with the turquoises; I shall not wear it again."

"Thank you, child," replied Laïssa. "But, for me, I believe in the cards."

CHAPTER XXIII.

AND OF STATECRAFT

The master of the house, meanwhile, in his library, stood disconsolately gazing at the imitation bindings behind which his cigar-cases reposed in security. They could afford him as little assistance as the long line of the "Taschenbuch der gräflichen Häuser," or even the encyclopædia. He had built his hopes upon the latter, and had vainly looked out a couple of words, winding up with "alimentation." And now he had sent round his man to the bookseller's.

Little things always troubled him largely, but this, as he well knew, was not a little thing. It is a merciful dispensation that, in the moment of achievement, we first begin to realize the difficulties which await success. Count Rexelaer, on his smiling entry into Paradise, found all Paradise smiling back hostility. You think his Paradise ridiculous! That is because it is not yours. But in that case, once more, put down this book. You cannot understand it.

"All the world is against me," said Count Rexelaer, bitterly. He was not exaggerating. He knew no other world than his little own. Nor does any of us, talk how we will. And if his world looks very small to you, that is, perhaps, because you stand so far below it.

From his youth upwards he had laid himself out to "serve his King," set aside for that service as much as was ever Levite in a worthier temple, and in the due perfection of that service he had found his glory and crown—coronet—of rejoicing. His father, a nobleman of William the First's easy creation (1832: Hilarius, therefore, had not been born in the purple), had struggled and schemed and fought himself into the front rank only to fall out of it again into the background of discontent through some caprice of a monarch's disfavor. There had been several children and a small fortune. Hilarius, the eldest, had behaved admirably, as soon as he was old enough to understand. Excellent financier that he was, he had avoided the common fallacy that all expenditure must necessarily be regulated by actual assets, and had shown the good sense to keep up his position, like a European state, by borrowing money which a subsequent combination must pay. It would have been fatal, as he said, to "drop out," a mistake which so many have committed under the influence of temporary misfortune. "We are too recent to recede," he told his parents when they complained of his bills. "If people are saying that we are poor, mamma, you should order in a lot of fine new clothes." The old lady would certainly have liked to do so—for the sake of the fine new clothes—but she lacked her son's pluck. Her father had been a draper; she had bourgeois ideas of honesty.

It must be admitted, on the other hand, that Hilarius never wasted a penny on himself. What he spent he spent for his object. And he systematized both his expenditure and his debts.

When he left the University, where he had lived "correctly," Hilarius had obtained a small post in the diplomatic service—it was convenient to him, for various reasons, to remove himself from his surroundings at the Hague. He did his work well for a great many years, which means that he did nothing, decently, and with the necessary self-respect; in the meantime his brother married at home, fairly well, and his sister settled down into respectable old-maidism, and his mother (who had been a draper's daughter) died, and things began to look brighter for the family. Then Count Hilarius's reward came at last. It was not a First Prize, and he felt rather inclined to cavil at its secondrateness; still, it was better than the empty Certificate of Merit with which he had been hitherto obliged to content his meritorious self. He was attached to the Dutch Legation at Rio—no more—he was getting on for five and thirty already, and his light hair was beginning to thin at the top, when little Rita de Cachenard—Margot Magot, as she was called in the French colony—old Crœsus Cachenard's niece and presumable heiress, fell frantically in love with him. She was sixteen, and very handsome, not an easy character to read, for, although she was naturally an object of interest, opinion remained divided about, not her charms (they were indisputable), but her virtues. According to some she was passionate but pure; according to others she was cold, and cool, as marble. She wrote verses to the object of her adoration, and blushed after having played them into his hands. There seems no great harm in that. She was sixteen, and her eyes were large and black. Perhaps her soul was as large, though not as black, as they. She wanted to marry him; that was all. She had his willing consent, but perhaps she would have tried to do it without.

Her uncle was delighted that his little Margot should be a Countess. He was a fat old Frenchman and a republican. It is perfectly impossible to set down here in what manner he had amassed his very considerable fortune. Suffice it to say that the blackest brand of blackguardism was indelibly stamped upon every loathsome ducat which the young Countess Rexelaer poured into the hollow exchequer of the noble Dutch family. She poured in a good many. And yet more followed when, shortly after, the old rascal obligingly retired from the scene of his compromising successes. But he left his niece just one half of that whole she had expected; the other half he squandered and scattered among a lot of obscure individuals whom nobody had ever heard of before. Fortunately, their name was in no case De Cachenard. Nor, for the matter of that, was the old man's; the disagreeable people who remember what they ought to have forgotten could have given you an earlier and less elegant version. As for the "de," the "merchant," good patriot and republican though he was, had been obliged to forfeit his nationality and pay down no less than twenty pounds to obtain it.

Count van Rexelaer returned to Holland with his wife and her money-bags, and her tropical animals, habits, plants, and waiting-woman. He made a point of remembering the money-bags—conscientiously—and they got on very well together. He also made a point of reminding his relations of these same money-bags, and the relations made a point of reminding everybody else and of doubling, in conversation, the number, size, and weight of said money-bags. The subject was thus treated with mutual good will, and the family behaved admirably. Mevrouw van Rexelaer-Borck, Hilarius's brother's wife, smiled sweetly when one of "the black thing's" birds went messing over her new silk dress. But then, they were so intensely relieved to find that the new member of the family was "not actually black, you know, though we called her so in fun;

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she is dark, and really quite handsome. Like a Spaniard." This much Mevrouw Rexelaer confided to her mother, the old Baroness Borck, a connection of the Lord of Rollingen. To her intimate friends she said: "My brother-in-law's young wife comes of a noble French family, 'De Cachenard.' He met her in diplomatic circles at Petropolis. Our *only* objection would be the great difference of age (he is double hers), but, after all, that is their lookout. She is a most charming thing. Just a little—how shall I call it?—exotic. Her parents have kept her out there too long, perhaps, as a queen among slaves, you know. Like the children of Steelenaar, our own Indian Governor-General."

"Was the father French Minister there?" asked a friend.

"Yes—no," replied Mevrouw van Rexelaer quickly, remembering, at the last moment, the inconvenience of printed lists. "Not Minister, you know. But second-best. What is it they call it? A Councilor of the Embassy, I believe."

"Ah yes. Like the Comte de Hautlieu."

"Exactly so," rejoined Mevrouw van Rexelaer; "like the Comte de Hautlieu."

[To be continued]

The Spectator

The difficulty that besets the average visitor to the World's Fair at Chicago is that there is too much of it. One gets surfeited with sightseeing. Eyes and brain finally grow weary of recording impressions. Out of the multitude of mental notes taken by the Spectator before his mind reached this condition, a few selections are here given.

❀

Was the placard which is placed by the side of the Commission of Columbus in the Convent of La Rábida written by a relic-worshiper? It reads: "Gentlemen will please show respect for this document by taking off their hats." About one-half of the sightseers obey the injunction, some of them reluctantly. A spontaneous expression of reverence is always to be respected; an act of reverence which is the result of a point-blank demand for it is of a very questionable sort.

❀

One of the most delightful things about the Fair is the lack of officiousness on the part of the guards. These men wear a sword, but they come to bring peace. Not once did the Spectator hear a harsh word or a surly answer from any of these men. That this can be said of public officers who have to answer more questions than any similar body of men in the world to-day, proves that it is possible for a police force to be composed of gentlemen.

❀

Good nature on the part of attendants at the Fair is the almost universal rule. A very pleasant exhibition of this quality occurs in one of the specimen trains of palace-cars. In one of these cars a description of the decorations is rolled off by a black porter in the smoothest, oiliest way, just as if the words had been uttered for the first instead of the thousandth time; and in another car the attendant remonstrates with the never-ending stream of ladies who plump themselves down in the beautifully upholstered chairs, with the kindly voiced hint, "Your tickets don't call for seats, ladies!"

❀

A bright farmer with whom the Spectator talked says that he lives one hundred and twenty-eight miles from Chicago, but "all our people have been or are coming to the Fair. We don't let such a chance go by for the sake of six dollars." Another man, from an Ohio town of ten thousand population, says that eight hundred of his townspeople have visited the Fair already. Western people evidently think nothing of a day's railway journey.

❀

A great many visitors overlook the southern end of the grounds, yet some of the most interesting exhibits are there. The great sawmill, for instance, where the method of transforming a forest giant into various kinds of finished lumber is shown. A huge log is jerked about by heavy machinery and sawed apart with terrifying swiftness, and all the odds and ends are used up in various ingenious ways. A most interesting place to take the boys, and other people who don't dislike sawdust and shavings.

❀

Another exhibit at the southern end which every intelligent person ought to visit is the Psychological Laboratory in the Anthropological Building. Here are various ingenious instruments for testing the mental faculties, and courteous investigators who conduct the examinations for science' sake. For the surprisingly small sum of fifty cents one can have his powers of memory, vision, touch, judgment of weights and measures, and sensitiveness to physical impressions tested; can learn whether he is color-blind, how many words he can read in the twenty-fifth of a second, the comparative power of judgment of his right and left brain, etc., etc. These are all recorded for him on a chart, which shows also what are the average powers in many of these particulars. It took the Spectator three hours to go through the various tests, but they were perhaps the most interesting three hours he spent on the grounds.

❀

In a vest-pocket guide to the Fair this advice is given: "If possible, see the exhibits without a companion." The Spectator at first regarded this advice as saturnine and selfish. Half the pleasure of sightseeing is in sympathetic appreciation, it would seem. But it is difficult to find one's affinity in sightseeing where there is such a multitude of attractions, and it is still more difficult to keep together in a crowd and allow any leeway to individual interests. A shaggy-bearded Westerner spoke with some wisdom on this subject: "Me and my wife want to see different things. I hanker around the Mining and Transportation buildings, and she hankers around them little deef and dumb mutes and the women's building. So we agree to meet two or three times a day and swap yarns, and that way both of us has a good time." It is certainly true that the larger the party is, the more danger of separation and ensuing worry and disappointment and loss of time. The Spectator would venture this rule: If you can go with a friend who is gifted with imperturbable good nature, keen appreciation of the best things (*i. e.*, those which you admire), and rare tact in helping you to keep your own temper unruffled, go with him—or her; if not, let each do his own sightseeing, and then meet at meal-times and "swap yarns."

❀

The woman whose sole recollection of the Fair was that she had "learned how to make puff paste" was nearly matched in the other direction by a self-confident young woman who declared that she had "done the entire thing" in a week, omitting Sunday. When questioned as to how many of the hundreds of miles of aisles she had walked through, she admitted that the Mines and Forestry and Leather exhibits had not interested her, that she had seen little of Machinery Hall but the confectioners' division, that the statuary in the Art Building did not interest her "because they had those things at college," and that she had not spent any time on the Midway Plaisance "because those shows are all fakes." Another less assertive young woman remarked in the Spectator's hearing that she had seen in a week "all the things that she cared to see or was interested in," and in so saying at once bore testimony to her truthfulness and gave a valuable hint to those whose time and strength are limited and who wish to make the most of them in seeing the great Fair.

❀

A large proportion of the Fair's visitors care more for the Midway Plaisance than for any other feature of the Exposition. This is to them a great "circus," and to the average inhabitant of these United States there is nothing in the way of amusement so satisfying as a circus. The visitors are often troubled with the pronunciation of "Plaisance," however. Some few give it the "Parisian accent," and call it "Play-zongs;" more come out boldly with "Play-*zance*;" while perhaps a majority escape the difficulty altogether by "skipping the hard word" and dubbing the entire thing the "Midway." But whatever they call it, they find the place a thoroughly interesting one—a combination of shows, curiosities, and strange peoples and sights which Barnum himself would have acknowledged to be infinitely greater than even the "greatest show on earth."

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The Home

Money Matters with Young People

By Helen B. Seymour

It really is a question of great importance how to regulate the financial affairs of children and young people. This is particularly true when they are dependent on their parents for a money supply.

Too much money is certainly an injury to them, and, on the other hand, none at all is harmful. The petition, "Neither poverty nor riches," answered in the experience of young people tends to their best development.

While a large income makes some college boys fools, many a student has been fretted and chafed to his own injury because his father thought the allowance given him, which he gauged by his own experience thirty years before, ample for all needs.

There is something humiliating to a young person of spirit in being always obliged to ask for money. A lady whose father was rich declares that this was the thing she most hated to do all through her childhood and young-lady life. She avoided making a personal appeal to her father by hanging her empty portemonnaie on the library table, where he could but see its empty condition. When it was replenished, she never knew how long it should last, and hence how much she might spend, or ought to give away; oftentimes, too, she would go penniless rather than make her pecuniary distress known.

Servants, bootblacks, and the poorest classes of wage-earners are rich in comparison with many young people who are dependent for the pennies they drop on the contribution-plate. This feeling of poverty often fosters a spirit of bitterness in children's hearts. There was as much truth as irony in the exclamation of the boy who, being berated on asking for money, retorted, "I wish I were dead! It would have been five dollars in father's pocket if I had never been born!" Parents need not be rich in order to give their children a welcome to their home which shall be felt; and nothing gives a more vivid sense of appreciation than whatever fosters a spirit of independent personality. The consciousness in a child that he is wanted, that there is work and compensation for him in the world, is an endowment which enriches though the garments have more of patches than original cloth, and though the fare be of the coarsest.

Parents have no idea what makeshifts young people adopt to secure money. Counting out the gamins who can eat anything, sleep anywhere, and get rich selling papers, and the "schemers" to whom it is as natural to make money as to breathe, they are often at their wits' ends to know how to get a dollar together. A millionaire says that the proudest day of his life was when he counted his savings of pennies and found that he had the value of a silver dollar, and that he never felt richer than when he carried it to the bank to deposit.

The young ladies at a boarding-school once sold their summer underwear and thin dresses to get money in order that they might make more gifts at the blessed Christmas season.

It is exceedingly disagreeable to have children perpetually teasing for money, and yet those who do it are not so much to be blamed as the parents who have not trained them to better habits. A child with a sweet tooth will beg and spend fifty cents for candy in a few days, when, if the same sum were his own by allowance, he would not think of spending needlessly a quarter of the amount. Unless one is insane or feeble-minded, he must, sooner or later, learn the value of money. All good habits taught a child simplify the lesson. There are various ways of imparting this instruction.

The old-fashioned plan of presenting a child with a savings bank has some good features; but it touches only one idea of money—that of accumulation; whereas it is quite as necessary to know how to spend wisely and give away judiciously. The custom sometimes practiced by juvenile owners of such banks, of presenting them to sympathizing relatives or friends, expecting a donation, is bad in the extreme. Begging ought never to be a feature of an American child's training. Nor is the practice which some children have, of setting a money value upon every service rendered, a good one. "What'll you give me?" is an impertinent question from a child to a parent when asked to do anything. Wages should be given regularly for certain tasks, that a child may have an opportunity to earn something; and a premium may be offered to encourage good habits, as in the case of a grandmother who has promised her grandsons one hundred dollars if they will not smoke before they are twenty-one. But, generally speaking, pay in money for service which should be rendered for love argues bad policy somewhere in the home rule.

Some city teachers whose children are from the poorer classes have recently opened a savings bank account to encourage them to lay by their pennies. Preparation for a rainy day is good instruction for those who otherwise would be taught only the hand-to-mouth method of earning and spending. The matter of giving is a puzzling one to young people unless parents provide some avenue by which they may earn money to bestow. Yet agents of benevolent societies are constantly asking children to help the work they represent.

The plan of presenting Sunday-school pupils a nickel to invest has met with surprising success in some instances. Because the idea "takes," the children invent ways of making their principal increase itself. But this is not regular, systematic benevolence, which should grow of a habit of each one's life.

Perhaps the best method yet devised for giving children an income, and teaching them to use it, is the allowance plan. A penny, or two cents, or five cents a week can be spared by the poorest. To a child even a small sum regularly received means an independence which no haphazard or miscellaneous giving can bestow. Even if he makes bad bargains or spends foolishly now and then, he will learn by experience the best way. The plan has been tried with success. A judicious father and mother, not rich, but with a comfortable income, gave each child, at the age of six years, an allowance for its own use. At the age of twelve this was large enough to include the value of clothing as well as spending-money. The children were taught to keep accurate accounts, and were assisted in buying their wardrobe until they were able to do so alone. This involved some trouble on the part of the parents, but the outlay of time and care was well repaid. When the young people went from home to college, and out into the world, they knew how to keep their cash accounts without going into bankruptcy.

It is good for character to know experimentally how to make two ends meet without worry. Considered educationally, ability in childhood to spend, to save, or to give away wisely from an income insures a happy manhood or womanhood.

Taking Up Plants

By G. E. W.

The problem that perplexes the amateur flower-grower in the fall of the year is how to get the plants that have been growing in the garden all summer in some inclosure where they will keep through the winter. The cellar is the proper place for the large ones, the roots of which have become so large and spreading that it would require a wash-tub to contain them all. If possible, they should be lifted when the ground is dry, and not right after a soaking rain. Plants of heliotrope, petunia, and the like, that have bloomed freely all summer, are better for a close pruning, and every bud-formation should be pinched off. All of the strength of the plant is required at this stage when the roots have been badly crippled.

Plants for repotting should be bushy, compact, and not more than a foot in diameter. A few weeks before lifting

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from the garden, the roots should be pruned by running a spade down in the ground all around the plants, about four inches from the stem. A little weak manure should then be run into the crevice made by the spade, and the new roots that will start from the stem will be small enough to go into the pot. If the plant needs pruning, cut off the older stems, and leave the young shoots, for they are better calculated to carry forward the growth of the plant than the older ones.

If the plants were bought from a greenhouse in the spring, and planted in the garden, the large central root will be found to be more or less dead when dug up. All of this dead wood should be removed before the plant is repotted. New, rich soil should be put in the pots before the plants are taken up, the soil being compounded of loam, leaf-mold, manure, and sand in sufficient quantities to make it porous enough for the water to filter through it gradually. Too much sand will make the soil so open that water will pass through it rapidly, without doing the roots of the plants any good.

Geraniums with large, trailing roots can be hung on nails, or placed on shelves, in the cellar, during the winter months, where they will keep all right until needed in the spring again, provided the temperature of the cellar never descends to the freezing-point. It is always better to carry the standard plants over from winter to winter than to buy them fresh from the florist in the spring. Many plants that thrive and bloom well in the greenhouse do very poorly when transplanted to your garden; but the flower plants that you have carried over will be hardy enough to grow thrivingly in their old bed in the garden. One should take up only strong, healthy plants, selected from the best stock in the garden. If frost holds off, or protection from it can be had in the garden, it is better to leave the geraniums that are to be hung in the cellar in the ground until after the middle of October.

Out of the Sea

A True Story

By Annie A. Preston

In Two Parts—II.

Little by little, when neither land nor sea gave occupation for the men of Westbeach, loafing, story-telling, and general gossiping were held in abeyance while they gathered together on the bluff, grading the ground and laying the foundations for the new church. As yet there were no funds in the hands of the building committee, but their faith was so strong in ultimate pecuniary ability that they had dispatched a barge to Maine for lumber, and were prayerfully expecting that before its return they would know how the bill was to be met.

At this juncture, the mellow, purple October haze that for days had skirted the horizon turned gray and forbidding. Great banks of fog blew over from the northwest and sank down behind the moaning sea, until it seemed that an inexhaustible supply of rain-clouds had been garnered and hoarded as mighty auxiliaries when the storm king should be ready for action.

"This hain't no common preparation," said one old skipper to another, as they were gazing knowingly at the black, ominous clouds. "It's a cold wind even for October; it comes from off the ice-fields up in Hudson Bay ter'tory. Them clouds jest move like great armies—don't you see? I've heard old Cap'n Miner tell of such a wind when he was a boy, and all to once it whiffled to the nor'east and nussed up a gale that lasted a week. The hull coast line erlong here was changed, and the gre't rock, near where they've laid the underpinnin' of that air new meetin'-house, was never seen by mortal man afore that storm. Whether it had allers ben thar an' the sands was washed away from 't, or whether 'twas whooshed up from the depths o' the sea, no man can tell to this day. There! the wind is veerin' now! Don't ye see that air rain-scud rushin' from the nor'east?"

For hours it came in scuds and fitful blasts, and then it settled down in a fierce, steady blow that made the most weather-toughened of the Westbeach fishermen deeply thankful that they were on terra firma. For three days and three nights the wind kept up its mighty force, through Sunday and all through Monday, until at sunset it dropped. One gleam of yellow light shot through a rift in the clouds, and suddenly all the purple blackness lifted and vanished, revealing a blue, cold, shining sky. There was a hard freeze that night.

"I lay so pesky cold last night I couldn't sleep," said Deacon Slocum. "At this rate, Margaret Ann, you'll have to git the winter bed-coverin's down from the loft. But I was goin' on to tell ye that all night long, as I turned over an' turned over, tryin' to find a warm place, somethin' kep' sayin' to me, 'Go to the cove! Go to the cove!' I heard it a hundred times. I don't know whether 'twas a dream, or a vision, or a impression like, but there it was, all night long. At last I answered, 'What for? Why should I go to the cove? I never *do* go to the cove this time o' year; there's nothin' to go there *for*.' But it kep' on dinnin' away at me, 'Go to the cove! Go to the cove!' Dear me! my head ain't got done achin' yit."

Before they had finished breakfast, Captain Ben came in. "I am floating around," said he, "to see how things look after the storm, and thought I wouldn't pass you by."

The Deacon was glad to listen as he told what news he had gathered, and almost immediately, to Margaret Ann's great chagrin, confided to Captain Ben his singular "impression" of the night. Straightway the younger man laughed:

"Go to the cove now, by all means. No doubt you'll find Margaret Ann's new church there. Ring the bell as soon as you get there, so that we may all run over to see and admire. I'll take you around in my boat, Margaret Ann, if you will go."

"Well, I won't go. I have a dozen or more things to do this morning." But before the words had left her lips even, Captain Ben was out of the house and out of the yard. He had seen the sharp refusal in the curl of her lip, and did not wait for it to reach his ear.

"He didn't mean it," she said to herself, as she cleared the table and folded the snowy cloth. "He never has been in earnest in anything he has said to me." She glanced out of the low window to watch the retreating boat as it rose and fell on the waves, for the swell of the sea was still heavy, and exclaimed:

"Well, well! there is father now, half-way across the headland on his way to the cove. That 'impression' did take fast hold of him, but he had no need to tell it all over to Captain Ben, and so give him a chance to get a fling at me. I should certainly hate him if I did not care more for him than for any one else in the world. How silly in me to stand here watching his boat out of sight, when there is so much for me to do this morning!—Why, what! Can that be father, so quick, running back?"

It was indeed the good old Deacon. He came hurrying over the shingle, beating the air with his hands in curious resemblance of a huge turtle. Margaret Ann opened the door and called:

"Why, what's the matter, father? Where's your staff?"

"Staff, child? Did I have a staff? What for? Was I lame? So I was. Well, I'm cured—'sprised straight out of my rheumatiz. I've heerd o' such things. The new meetin'-house ain't really there at the cove, but, land o' plenty! there's great, lungin' black striped bass enough there to pay for 't to the last nail. The cove is full on 'em—ton on ton! Put on your bunnit, child, an' run straight over to your Uncle Joe's an' ask him an' the boys to come as quick as they can an' help me to take 'em out."

"Uncle Joe will ask, the first thing, how many there are," said the excited young woman, as she wrapped herself in her Rob Roy shawl. "What shall I say?"

"Tell him there's no less than twenty ton—twenty ton! They was drove in by that rippin' wind. The tide went out, an' the ice jest reached across the mouth o' the cove an' locked 'em in. Such a thing *never* happened afore!"

Margaret Ann sped with a light step across the brown

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pasture to her uncle's cottage and told the story, and gave her father's message.

"*Twenty tons!*" repeated her uncle. "It is impossible! And yet your father is an old fisherman, and a man of slow but good judgment; he ought to know. It is really a miracle—such a thing was never known to happen before. It is the way the Lord has taken to help us build the church. He has heard our prayers and rewarded our obedient faith in going right on and laying the foundations. Go through the neighborhood, Margaret Ann, and get all the help you can."

Women and children straightway rushed out of every dwelling and repaired to the deep, land-locked cove. Thither also went every fisherman along the entire line of beach.

Margaret Ann, after her rapid walk, sat down to rest, and to watch proceedings in the clear sunshine, on a huge, square rock, overlooking the cove, known as Satan's Chimney. There was a fissure on the top, through which, it was said, smoke had been seen to issue, and pebbles dropped down the opening could be heard falling at a great depth.

Among the men who were industriously at work taking out the great mass of fishes she saw Captain Ben. How the news had reached him she did not know, but he had been on hand as promptly as any one, and was the most vigorous at his work. He waved his hand to her once, and soon afterwards raised his cap. But she did not respond; she only elevated her pretty, rounded chin a little and turned her face towards the sea. "Should I signal him in return, he would only laugh at me in his tantalizing way," she thought, "and I feel such a solemn joy in my heart over God's wonderful goodness that I could not endure a careless laugh." All the men shared her feeling, without doubt, for, although each one made cheerful haste, there was no show of levity of any kind.

Some of the boys were clearing away the drift and sedge on the high beach near her perch, to get ready for the men who were coming that way with their wagon-loads of fish. Captain Ben was in advance. He came toward her, leaned his elbow on the "Chimney," and said softly:

"I have never been to this old rock, Margaret, since you and I were here together."

"Neither have I," replied the young woman, curtly.

Determined not to be thus repulsed, Captain Ben went on, gently: "This rock seems to be the scene of wonderful surprises to me. But I am no more astonished at this ship's cargo of fish than I was on our last meeting here, when you rejected my honest love, and scornfully threw my love-token into the ocean—"

"Oh, boys! just look at this!" shouted one of the lads. "See what I have turned up here!"—dropping his iron rake. "It's a go-old ring with a big pearl set into it!"

Margaret Ann made a little spring from the top of the high rock to the white sand, landing deftly on her feet, and almost snatched the jewel from the surprised child's hand.

"It is mine!" she cried. "See, there is my name inside. I lost it here," and, slipping it on her finger, she held up her hand and looked at it admiringly like a young girl.

Captain Ben's firm lips quivered, and a moist film dimmed his handsome brown eyes at the awakening of a tender memory. Margaret Ann's alert glance quickly noted this.

"Do you mean it, Margaret? Will you wear it?"

"Yes, Ben. I was a simpleton to toss it into the water that day; but when I held up my hand to see how pretty it was, your laugh nettled me. I never could endure to have you tease me as you were in the habit of teasing everybody else."

"I will never laugh at you again in the way you mean. I have been cruel to tease you so."

"And you will believe in miracles after this?"

"How could I doubt after to-day's wonderful developments?"

The building of the new church at Westbeach now progressed apace, all pecuniary hindrance being removed. At the dedication, just one year from the spring day when Captain Ben called at the long red house with his subscription paper, one of the ministers, who came from some distance inland to assist, said:

"I have been told that at this point the most interesting part of the exercises will take place. I presume that means that a collection will be taken to raise funds for the complete payment for this tasteful, convenient, and commodious house of worship—"

"The church is entirely paid for, my good brother," said the old pastor from the Street. "The Lord sent the means to these prayerful, trustful souls from yonder sea. It remains now for me to unite in holy wedlock our brother, Captain Benjamin Kelley, and our sister, Margaret Ann Slocum, whose marriage at this time and place seems to them and to their friends eminently appropriate."

From the Day's Mail

Dear Outlook:

Being a very delicate person, I am desirous of increasing my weight, and should think that cod-liver oil would benefit me. Kindly advise me how to make it palatable, as I could not drink it without destroying the strong taste and smell in some way; also state when to take it.

READER.

You probably would find that you could take a teaspoonful without much difficulty. A physician whose practice is largely among nervous women says that he has found that the most delicate women can take and digest a teaspoonful of cod-liver oil, who cannot take the usual quantity ordered—a tablespoonful. Rest, you will find, will also increase your weight. Undress as completely as though for bed at night, and lie down for an hour each day. Do not read; darken the room, and relax every muscle. Read Miss Anna C. Brackett's "Technique of Rest," and "Power Through Repose," by Anna Payson Call. No physician can accomplish a cure without the intelligent co-operation of the patient. It was startling to us to hear a physician who has a prominent place in his profession say that more than half of the women of this country were starving to death, and the other half were wearing themselves out—working without giving proper attention to food and rest.

Dear Outlook:

While peaches are still plentiful, here is a recipe, which I think is not generally known, for a delicious dessert:

Peach Dumplings.—Prepare peaches in a syrup, as for canning, and when cooked tender take them out of the syrup and put on a platter. Then place small round bits of dough (as prepared for baking-powder biscuit) in the syrup, and cook twenty minutes. Lay them on the platter with the peaches, and pour the hot syrup over the whole. It is better not to make the syrup very sweet, and use a hard sauce. Eat a very light dinner when this dessert is to be served. A. W. P.

Dear Outlook:

I would like to inquire if any correspondent of this department can suggest some new games to amuse an invalid who cannot read all the time and is unable to use her hands. Halma, letters, "13," and chess are familiar, but we need a novelty. The long twilights of winter are approaching; it is hard to select a game combining skill and some fascination from merely a study of the gayly decorated boxes. A suggestion would be gratefully received. B. W. L.

Working-Girls' Vacation Fund

Previously acknowledged	$1,054 93
Collection taken up at service held in parlor, Owl's Head Hotel, Newport, Vt.	11 17
Collection at a Sunday Afternoon Service, Silver Lake, Wis.	1 53
A. S. K., Waterbury, Conn	5 00
From a Friend, Hartford, Conn	2 00
Popee, Brooklyn, N. Y.	11 30
A Friend, New Britain, Conn	2 00
L. E. S. and Friends, Ithaca, N. Y.	4 00
Total	$1,091 93

We have also received from J. and B., Le Roy, N. Y., $25 for the sufferers from the South Carolina cyclone. We have forwarded it to Mr. G. F. Lawrence, 486 Broadway, New York City, to whom other contributions may be sent.

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Shakespeare's Children

III.—Guiderius and Arviragus

By Augusta Larned

Before Britain was called England, and while it was still a heathen land, a king arose named Cymbeline, who had two sons called Guiderius and Arviragus, and a daughter, Imogen. At this time the Romans had invaded Britain, and there was a warrior in Cymbeline's court named Belarius. He was at one time a favorite with the King, but, having been accused falsely of treasonable transactions with the Romans, Cymbeline banished him from his country.

The little boys, sons of the King, were then two and three years old. Belarius, to revenge himself for the injuries received from the King, bribed their nurse, Euriphile, to steal the children out of the royal nursery and help him to carry them away to a wild, mountainous part of Wales, where he made for them a rude home in a forest cave. Belarius had married Euriphile, and as the boys grew up they learned to call him and his wife father and mother. After some years Euriphile died, and the lads, who loved her very much, buried her in the forest with songs and simple rites.

Their adoptive father had made their bodies hardy and vigorous by teaching them all the exercises of hunting and the chase. As Belarius had been proclaimed an outlaw, they shunned the society of men, lest his hiding-place should come to the knowledge of the King. The boys hunted daily wild beasts on the mountains, and on returning to the cave cooked and dressed their humble fare. Belarius had tried to fill their minds with wise maxims, and though they knew nothing of book-learning, or of the ways of the world, they were as gentle as they were courageous, open to all good impressions, frank and kind.

Their religion was that of Nature. Belarius taught them to adore a God made manifest in the fair world around. He taught them to offer homage to the sky, and when morning came they bowed their hearts before the Deity, and cried, "Hail, Heaven!" One day, when the brothers were well-grown lads, Belarius went with them as usual to hunt the wild deer on the mountain, and the cave was left alone. In his talk with the boys he let them know that he had once lived in kings' courts, and had been a renowned warrior; but he tried to make them believe their woodland, secluded life was better and happier than anything to be found in the wicked world.

But Guiderius would not assent to this kind of talk. "Perhaps for you," he said, "this life may be best, you who are old and have known the other kind among men; but for us boys it is a cell of ignorance, or like traveling abed." And then Arviragus put in his word. "If we always live in this place," said he, "what shall we talk of when we are old, and hear the rain beat in dark December? We are subtle as the fox for prey, and warlike as the wolf for what we eat, but know nothing else." The boys longed for a larger life, and Belarius could not comfort them by relating his story, and the uncertain favor of kings.

You must read for yourselves the story of the lovely Imogen, who had grown up and married against her father's will. She was a most unhappy woman, for her husband, whom she dearly loved, had been banished, and she was pursued by the attentions of her stepbrother, Cloten, whom she hated. The Queen, her stepmother, was secretly against her, though she pretended to be her friend; and a false Roman had made her husband, Posthumus, believe that Imogen was untrue to him. Thereupon Posthumus had ordered his servant Pisanio to beguile Imogen to Milford-Haven and there put her to death. But Pisanio betrayed the design of her husband to Imogen, and when they had arrived in Wales, instead of killing her, he provided her with a page's dress, and bade her seek protection of the Roman Consul, Lucius, who was then expected at the port.

So Imogen in her wanderings came to the cave of Belarius, and, finding food within, and being very hungry, she was just making a meal when Belarius and the boys returned from the hunt. At first sight they were so struck with her beauty that they took her for an angel or a fairy. The lovely page entreated them not to harm her; she meant to have begged or bought some food, she said, but, not finding any one at home, she had ventured to take as much as would keep her alive. The two boys received her with a kind of rapture; their hearts went out to her at once. She called herself Fidele when they asked her name, and said she had lost her way on the mountains while bound to Milford-Haven to meet a kinsman.

Both the boys lost their hearts to Imogen. Guiderius said that if she were a woman he would marry her, but Arviragus said, "I'll make it my comfort that he is a man, and I'll love him as my brother." Now when Pisanio left Imogen to shift for herself, he gave her a little bottle of medicine, which the Queen had presented to him. The wicked Queen believed this was a bottle of poison, but her physician, suspecting her evil designs, had put up a simple sleeping-potion instead of poison. Imogen found herself very ill from long wandering and exposure, and she begged the boys and old Belarius to go and hunt while she remained to rest in the cave, and, remembering the medicine, she swallowed some of it.

Cloten, the Queen's son, who was a fool and a knave in one, when he found that Imogen had escaped from the court, and had gone to Milford-Haven, determined to pursue her there. He put on a suit of old clothes belonging to Posthumus, and, as the two were the same size, they fitted well. So he stole away from the court alone, not letting his mother know whither he had gone. Soon after he had arrived near the cave he met Guiderius, and was very abusive toward him, and the two got into a fight, and Guiderius killed Cloten, and cut off his head with his own sword. When Belarius learned what the boy had done he was very much troubled, for he had recognized Cloten, and knew he was the Queen's son, and he dreaded the consequences. But a greater trouble awaited him and the boys when they entered the cave and found Fidele apparently dead, for the sleeping-potion had now taken effect. The boys were touched with the deepest grief for the death of Fidele, whom they had loved with a kind of instinct.

So they decided to bestow on her the burial rites they had given their mother Euriphile—to make a bed of moss for her body, and to strew it with the primrose, the harebell, and the eglantine. Over this forest couch they sang a little song about death. Then Belarius, seeing that Cloten was a Queen's son, advised the boys to bring his headless trunk and give it rites of sepulture near the body of Imogen, and this they did. Soon after the boys and Belarius had departed, the effect of the sleeping-potion Imogen had taken passed away, and she awoke, and, seeing the headless body of Cloten near her dressed in the garments of Posthumus, she believed her husband had been murdered, and fell fainting beside him. There Lucius, the Roman Consul, soon came with his officers and found her lying. When she was brought to life and questioned by Lucius, she declared that she was traveling with her master, a valiant Britain, who had been set upon by mountaineers and murdered on that spot. Lucius was so struck by the boy's devotion that he took him at once into his service as a page.

At this time war broke out between Rome and Britain, and a large Roman force was landed at Milford-Haven, and Lucius was put in command. Along with the Roman army, enlisted on their side, had come Posthumus, the husband of Imogen, and Iachimo, the man who had done her a great wrong. Old Belarius and the two boys heard the sound of the armies gathering not very far from their cave; and Belarius urged the boys to fly with him still higher up the mountains. But they firmly refused. Both were eager to fight on the side of their country, and at last Belarius was forced to lead them down into the plain where the battle was engaged.

When they arrived on the scene, the Britons were in full retreat before the victorious Romans. The day had been lost for the former had not old Belarius and the two brave boys made a stand in a narrow lane, rallied the flying Britons, and, with prodigies of valor, driven back the Ro-

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man forces, piled the lane with dead, and saved the day for Cymbeline, who commanded his army in person. The three had been helped by Posthumus, who had deserted from the Romans, put on a peasant's dress, and had sought death everywhere because of his remorse for the supposed murder of Imogen.

Now you must read the play of Cymbeline to see how Imogen was restored to her husband; how her reviler was made to confess his crime; how the two boys were given back to their father, and old Belarius was restored to the favor of his King.

Diogenes

By John Hawkins

Diogenes was an owl. *Syrnium nebulosum* a scientist would have called him; but when he came among us, his grave aspect, his fondness for the sunshine, and his stoical indifference alike to kindness and indignity won for him at once the name of the famous cynic of the tub.

The home of my hero was in the hollow of a great oak which stood in the midst of a South Carolina swamp—a spot remote from the haunts of men and strangely silent. His noisiest neighbors were the gray squirrels which played about the door of his dwelling. Besides their chattering, the only sounds to which his ears were accustomed were the cries of the blue herons building their nests above the stream hard by, the sighing of the wind among the trees, the splash of leaping bass and pickerel, and, on warm, still days, the heavy plunge of an alligator into the lily-bordered pool near the oak. Here, doubtless, or in some such place, it was that the ancestors of Diogenes acquired by long meditation that wise, contemplative look which is so characteristic of the family.

The life of Diogenes, from the cradle to the grave (which, alas! was but a little step), was full of adventure. When he was but a few weeks old lightning struck the tree wherein he dwelt, splitting it from top to bottom, frightening away the parent birds, and throwing the astonished youngster out upon the cold, wet ground. It was here that I found him, on the second day after the storm. I was standing upon the bank of the sluggish stream idly watching the flashes of my silver pickerel-spoon in the pool below me, when Gyp, my little black-and-tan, set up a furious barking. I hastened to her, and found her dancing wildly round a moss-covered knoll at the foot of a tree. Looking in the direction indicated by her nose, I soon discovered a gray, fluffy ball, from the midst of which two large yellow eyes looked angrily out. As Gyp circled round, the miserable little owlet's eyes would follow her until I thought I should witness the traditional feat of an owl twisting off its own head; but when the dog was directly behind him, Diogenes, with a very quick movement, would turn his head to the other side, and again face his enemy. He was soon captured and securely picketed on a grassy spot in the sunshine.

Thinking that my prisoner must be hungry, and wishing to appear hospitable, I offered him bread, thin strips of ham, and bits of hard-boiled eggs. He refused them all. His manner seemed to say: "Your menu is abominable. I wish to sleep; be kind enough not to disturb me." But when I dangled a large earthworm before his half-closed eyes, he suddenly became wide awake, seized the morsel eagerly, and gulped it down with evident relish. Then he hopped towards me and stood as if waiting for more. Having eaten ten or twelve, he stared at me for an instant, shook himself vigorously, and then calmly went to sleep.

From the first day of our acquaintance it was plain that beneath the cinereous breast of Diogenes beat a brave little heart. Like one of Bret Harte's heroes, his forte was "kamness." Of people and cats he had no fear. Even the fierce threats of Gyp, who was fond of teasing him, he would answer only with a contemptuous snap of the beak and a momentary opening of the eyes, whose yellow depths always reflected anger rather than fright.

A flour-barrel with slats nailed across both ends now took the place of the cozy hollow in the oak where Diogenes had spent his infancy. This, however, was merely a sleeping-apartment. The days he passed in the yard, on sunny piazzas, or in the semi-darkness under the house. As he was unable to fly, I allowed him great liberty. He moved from place to place in odd, short leaps. One of his peculiarities was his aversion to water. Though I kept it always near him, I never saw him use it either for drinking or bathing. His chief article of diet was earthworms. Frequently a large and vigorous worm, objecting to being swallowed, would twine itself round the nose of Diogenes, or grasp with its minute adhesive spines the down on his neck. On these occasions there was always a ludicrous struggle between the owlet and his prey. Diogenes, standing on one foot, would make frantic efforts to grasp the squirming annelid with the other. Succeeding at last, and looking, as one observer remarked, "like the eagle on a Mexican dollar," he would stretch out his foot, and the next instant the conquered worm would disappear.

Diogenes had a plaintive cry with which he soon learned to answer my call or whistle at meal-times. When suffering from cold, it was loud and abrupt; when he was warm and comfortable, it became a low, tremulous, cooing sound very pleasant to the ear.

It was while taking his daily sun-bath that Diogenes was most interesting. After leisurely warming his back and sides, he would face the sun, close his eyes, and slowly raise his beak until it seemed to point directly to the zenith. In this ludicrous attitude he would stand for ten minutes or longer, apparently finding ecstatic enjoyment in thus warming his throat and breast. Then his beak would descend, and, after giving his head a solemn shake or two, he would repeat the strange performance.

I have said that Diogenes was not easily disconcerted; once, however, I saw him thoroughly frightened. I had placed him on the grass in the yard, and while he dozed a flock of guineas, six or seven in number, chanced to wander in his direction. The strange little gray object sitting there so still and silent at once aroused their curiosity, and they approached cautiously to within five or six feet of the owlet, formed a circle round him, and began to scold.

Thereupon Diogenes awoke, and, being fully as much astonished as the fowls, expressed his feelings with a few loud snaps of his beak. This only excited the guineas the more. They broke into such a loud and discordant chorus of exclamations that Diogenes, who had probably never heard so much noise, was plainly terrified. After a moment of indecision he took to his heels. Before his sudden charge the guineas gave way, but as soon as he was through the line they formed in his rear, and pursued him with cries which were, if possible, louder and harsher than before. In all his life Diogenes never moved faster than on this occasion. So strenuous were his efforts to escape that he soon exhausted his strength; but when I ran out and rescued him, although weak and breathless from exertion, he had turned and faced his enemies as if determined not to give up without a struggle. It was some time before he recovered his equanimity.

When Diogenes had been nearly two months in my keeping, other matters demanded so much of my attention that I found it impossible to devote to his wants the time which they required. As he was still too young to shift for himself, I wrote, at this juncture, to a lady of Brooklyn whose bird-studies have delighted, among many others, the readers of The Outlook, and offered him to her. This offer was eagerly accepted. Accordingly, a cage was prepared, Diogenes, after a full meal, was placed in it, and soon his long journey was begun. A box of his favorite food accompanied him, with a polite request to express-agents that his wants might be attended to. Unfortunately, the weather turned cool just at this time, and the little traveler was unavoidably delayed twelve hours. Nevertheless, when I remembered his two days without food on the wet ground of the swamp, I was still hopeful that he might reach his destination in safety. It was consequently with great regret that I learned, a week later, that when poor little Diogenes reached Brooklyn he was dead.

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Sunday Afternoon

A Kingdom of Priests[1]

By Lyman Abbott

And ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests, and an holy nation.—Exodus xix., 6.
And hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth.—Revelation v., 10.

Idealists are criticised for presenting ideals too high for the world to live up to; but the greatest idealist never struck an ideal so high as that which God has struck. How patient he is! How long he waits for the realization of his dreams! The children of Israel are brought out of Egypt, slaves, ignorant, superstitious—not without a certain element of vision in them, but that vision so low, so poor, that when Moses has gone up in the mount and left them for a little while, they sacrifice their golden trinkets and ornaments and take up a rich contribution to make a god of a golden calf, and bow down and worship it. This is the nation to whom God says, Ye shall be to me a kingdom of priests. The ages go by, and another prophet arises, and he looks far down the ages into the future; he beholds the time when God's work with humanity shall be fulfilled; the sunlight of redemption flashes across his vision, and what he sees is this dream, fifteen centuries before Christ, completed in the golden glory of the future: a kingdom of priests unto God realized.

This word "priest" is not a popular word in Protestant circles, and "a kingdom of priests" is not a very popular phrase; because the world has not been prosperous when it has been dominated by priests. When priests have undertaken to rule it, when they have forgotten their real function and undertaken to become political administrators, they have always blundered, always failed, for the reason that they have not understood their true function and have undertaken to exercise another and a different one. When law has been in the hands of the priest, when the priest has taken off the miter and put on the crown, when he has taken off the white robe and put on the purple one, when he has undertaken to be a politician or king or ruler or any such thing, he has always made a bad blunder. Whether it has been the old priestocracy of Israel, or whether it has been the Roman Catholic priesthood in mediæval ages, or whether it has been the New England theocracy in Puritan times, does not make a great deal of difference: whenever the priests have undertaken to dominate the world, the world has always suffered from their domination. That is not God's ideal; it is not a time coming when priests shall exercise political rule and authority over the kingdoms of the earth; it is something very different from that.

For what is a priest? Let us stop a moment and see if we can find out what is meant by this word priest. We are not asking priests what they are, nor asking history what priests have done. We find this divine ideal put before us—a kingdom of priests—and we want to know what this divine ideal is; what is a kingdom of priests. A priest, then, in the ideal—not in the actuality, but in the ideal—is one who attempts to mediate between God and man; to reveal and disclose God to man; to stand as in the place of God, and make a revelation of God to humanity. We have often reversed the relation; we have often thought of him as a mediator between man and God, as some one to interpret man to God; as some one to take the wants of humanity and carry them up and express them to the Divine. That is not the relation; the priest is not a mediator between man and God, but between God and man. In the Episcopal Church and in the Roman Catholic Church the priest, at certain parts of the service, stands with his back to the people and his face to the altar; he exactly reverses the right relation. The priest is not to stand with his back to the people and his face to the altar, as though he were carrying the needs of humanity to God; he is to stand with his back to the altar and his face to the people, as though he were carrying the offer of God to humanity. In sacrifice the same reversal has taken place. A great many people have imagined that sacrifice was something done by the priest for the sake of God, to appease the wrath of God and to bring humanity near to God; the truth is exactly the reverse: the priest, as a sacrificing person, is at the altar in order that he may minister the self-sacrifice of God to man; that he may show what is the suffering love of God. God pours out his life into humanity that he may give humanity his own life; the priest is a man who ministers to man in the name of God, who represents God to man, who brings the purity and the love and the truth and the nobility of God into the heart of humanity. I wish we could for a moment realize what this function of the priest is; then I think we would have a larger charity in the judgment of ministers. It is not the difficulty of writing one or two lectures a week—there are a great many professors in our colleges who give two a day; it is not the difficulty of writing so much manuscript a week—a great many journalists write more than the minister; it is not the difficulty of making pastoral calls—there are physicians who make more calls in a day than the minister makes in a week: it is the difficulty of standing before a people as the representative of God; the difficulty of taking his divine life and bringing it unto the hearts of men; it is the difficulty of having a heart so full of purity and truth and love and righteousness that through that heart and through those lips shall be given to men something of the purity and truth and righteousness of God. That is the difficulty of the ministry; that is the burden of the priesthood; that is the duty of the minister, whether he ministers from an altar or from a platform.

The whole nation mourns to-day, and there is scarce a pulpit in all this part of the country in which the name of Phillips Brooks will not be mentioned with sorrow.[1] We mourned when General Sherman and when General Grant went from us; we mourned when Rutherford B. Hayes went from us; many of us mourn the death of James G. Blaine, the orator and the political leader; but there is a deeper, a tenderer, a more pathetic mourning in hearts because Phillips Brooks has gone from us. And why? Because it seems as though something of the divine was taken out of our life; it is not merely the man that is gone, but it is the voice of God that is stilled; it is not merely the light of eloquence that is gone, it is the light of God that is blotted out of the heavens. It seems as though some great bubbling fountain had ceased to burst forth any longer, as though some star had been blotted out of the firmament; there is less God in our lives because the great voice that spoke the word of God, and the great heart that was full of the life of God, is stilled and ceases to be. To feel all the pulsations of humanity; to try to fill with this little life of ours the life of man; to interpret to humanity the life and character of Him who sympathized with our sorrows and understood all our temptations; to try to understand the life of the little child and the mother, the wrestling temptation of the business man, the perplexities of the scholar and the recluse, the care and toil of the mother who rocks the cradle, and the joy, the bubbling ebullience, the life of the one that is rocked in the cradle; to try to take all the pulsations of humanity into our heart, and bear them all, and carry into them all the life of God—that is the function of the priest. To stand so related to God that God will speak through your voice, and will shine through your eyes, and will warm through your heart—that is the priesthood, that is the Christian ministry. Do not wonder, brethren, that we fail. I know many ministers who do not realize that this is their function at all. The Old Testament calls for prophets—men who have an insight into the eternal world—and the New Testament calls for apostles—men who are charged with a message, men of God; and I know many who have no insight, no message—who do not even believe that God now gives a message or a vision to men. Instead, they bring the message of a creed, or a theology, or a philosophy, and not the life of God. But these are not true priests—they are

[1] Sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Reported for The Outlook by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

[1] This sermon was preached the Sunday following his death.

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but scribes. There is in the heart of the real minister this desire to bring the divine down into life, and witness it unto humanity. If that desire is not in his heart, then is he not a true minister, not a true prophet, not a true apostle sent by God, not a true priest ministering in His name. How often we see ignominy and contempt thrown upon the priests and ministers! They are treated as a burden with difficulty borne by the community. Well, let us conceive the community rid of the burden! Suppose this Sunday morning all the congregations knew the same heartache that that congregation in Trinity Church knows. Suppose the galleries of every church were draped with black, and on every pulpit Bible there lay a bunch of violets, all as I saw last Thursday morning where in past times I had seen the face of the great preacher; and where the swinging censer had been, there was silence; and where the voice of the preacher had been, there was dumbness; and no minister and no preacher to bring the word of comfort. Suppose, by some sudden blow, like that which struck the first-born of Egypt, all the priests and ministers of America had been stricken out of existence, and all the worshiping congregations came to stand before an empty chancel or empty pulpit. Not more anguished was the cry that went up from Egypt at the death of the first-born than would be the cry that would go out from a Nation thus bereft of its priesthood!

Then this is, in the first place, what is meant by a kingdom of priests. Not a kingdom ruled by priests; but a kingdom ministered to and guided by the priests and prophets of God, by apostles of God sent by him, by priests of God attempting to bring the divine life of faith and hope and love unto human hearts; a kingdom in which are men who come on Sunday mornings to congregations over whose hearts the waves have swept, and whose souls are worn with sorrow and wrestling and temptation and tribulation and anxiety—men who come to them with Christ's message, Peace, be still! and who try to speak with the authority of the Master.

But a kingdom of priests is something more than that. In the chapter from which I have taken my second text the priests are those who represent the twelve tribes of Israel, the twenty-four elders, who are the representatives of a church, an organized church; but in the seventh chapter the vision changes, and there, out of every tongue and nation and tribe upon the globe, are gathered those that are robed in white raiment and serve God continually before the altar day and night. The whole of humanity has become sanctified, has become a priesthood. Jeremiah looked forward to the time when there should be no more preachers, and no man should say, Know the Lord, for all would know Him; and Joel looked forward to the time when the Spirit should enter into men, and young men should see visions, and old men should dream dreams, and maidens should prophesy, and all men should have direct and personal touch with God, and every man should be a priest to his neighbor; and the Book of Revelation foretells the time when all those redeemed shall become priests unto God. The kingdom of priests is a kingdom made up of men and women who are showing to each other something of the divine; every man bringing his own message, every man an apostle, every man a prophet, every man a priest, each one giving some interpretation that another could not give, each man speaking with some voice that another does not possess. This is the full significance and meaning of the incarnation; it is God in humanity, because the revelation of God to humanity. There is no other way. God shows himself to man in man and through man, and every voice as it speaks truth speaks some little fragment or part of God; and if one fails, then one part is wanting to the full alliance, one pipe has been taken out of the great organ, and there is a discord and inharmony or failure. So the farmer and the gardener by their work show forth the glory of Him who clothes the earth with grass and with verdure; and so the merchant shows forth the glory of Him who ministers in perpetual benediction; and so the judge shows forth the manifestation of Him who is the Judge of all the earth; and so the artist with his picture and the musician with his music show forth the glory of the great Artist and the great Musician; so every woman by her purity, her truth, her patience, reveals to us the glory of the ever pure and ever patient and ever true One. Oh! there is a very great truth, after all, underlying that worship of the Virgin Mary. I do not believe in it, but I would rather be a devout worshiper of the Virgin Mary than the cynical misanthrope that scoffs at the truth and glory of womanhood. So he is blessed indeed who as a father so lives that his children, looking up through him, learn how to say, Our Father who art in heaven. And there is not a child that cannot be a priest; not a little child here to-day that is not a priest. I do not think I speak to the little children as often as I ought, as often as I wish I did. I want to say just a word right here to the little children. Do not you think that when that mother in Bethlehem looked down into the eyes of the babe, and, looking down into his eyes, saw God looking up into her eyes—do not you think that she had a conception of divinity long before Peter and James had? The mother's heart was quick to see the divine thought come into her life, and there never yet was a true mother on all the earth that did not get a new thought of God when the little child looked out of innocent and trusting eyes and wakened a new divinity within her. A little child is a well-spring of pleasure because a well-spring of the divine. Do you know why we love little children? It is because little children bring us a diviner message from God than any other priest. We see what innocence means, and purity means, and truth means, and love means, and unselfishness means, until we have polluted the pure and innocent life with our poor example and our ill life. A mother wants to know, How shall I keep my child from being a liar? I will tell you. Do not be a liar yourself. Children lie? Yes; but I venture to say there are ten lies told by parents to children where there is one lie told by children to parents. The child brings the message of the divine to us, and we know what our Father is in heaven and we know what is divine comfort when our children have evoked the parental love and the motherly comfort in our own hearts.

But a kingdom of priests is something more than this. It is a kingdom ministered to by priests who stand, as it were, in the place of God, and minister his truth and life, and pour them into the hearts of men; and it is a kingdom made up of priests, men and women, who represent God to one another in a fragmentary and imperfect way; and thus the kingdom of the earth becomes a priestly kingdom—that is, a kingdom of God, of heaven, of righteousness. I cannot understand where the theology came from that considers that salvation has to rescue the individual from a wreck. In the Old Testament, God's kingdom is a kingdom which is to be built up in the earth—a theocracy. And when Jesus Christ comes, his first message to men is that the kingdom of God is at hand; it is not an individual, it is a great divine organization that he comes to proclaim. And he teaches his disciples to pray that prayer of the Church through all the ages: Thy kingdom come, thy will be done *on earth* as it is in heaven. Who of you that has ever traveled abroad has not sometimes had his heart stirred with pride when he has received a greeting from a foreigner who has learned that he was an American? America has stood as a witness to a new and better life to thousands and tens of thousands who do not speak our tongue and who know nothing of our Nation, or of its customs, or its religions, or its political institutions, and yet have looked across the sea and have seen there a new life. They have not seen our faults and follies; they have idealized us; and an American is a brother to them, and they greet that brother whenever they have the opportunity. So the true, the ideal kingdom, will witness for God, because God will be in it and represented by it. That is what a true nation is to be—a priest, a kingdom of God, a revelation of the divine to men. What is the meaning of the word emancipation? What but this: the kingdom of God in the Nation to set the enslaved free? And the poor blacks in their singing did truly interpret that great significance. God came to them in the persons of Grant and of Lincoln, and of all the American soldiery whom

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Grant and Lincoln led in that war. What is the meaning of the present industrial agitation? What but a trying to find some way to incorporate brotherhood in our industrial organizations? This is really our problem: how can a great community be bound together by that love which is the bond of perfectness? This is the secret and the meaning of all political life. It is not merely how we may get rid of one form of corruption only to take on some new form of the old disease. Here is a great Nation, and God is trying to put a white robe on it and the devil is trying to put a black robe on it; and every time there is a black spot it is the smutch of the devil's own hand blackened in the fires of hell; and they that are working for political purity are working to see how they can make that garment a pure one, and the Nation stand for liberty and for truth and for righteousness, and for the things that belong to God and not for the things that belong to the devil. That is our function in the world; that is what God has put us in America here for; for this he brings all these foreigners from abroad into our country. What a magnificent opportunity it is to be priests unto these people that land on our shores! I do not discuss whether we ought to let them in or not. If we are getting more pupils in our schools than we can educate, we have a right to shut the doors until we can educate them. But we have no right to shut the doors against these our neighbors from motives of ease or selfishness. Our first duty is to make this Nation a kingdom of priests. It is to seize this great opportunity, and make the Nation a witness to liberty, truth, righteousness, love, manhood—that is, divinity—to all those who flock hither. When we have done our work, have built our Nation stone by stone and pillar by pillar, and crowned it with its dome, we will put no pagan goddess of liberty with torch in hand on that dome—we will put in the center Christ, and, standing by him, the cross, the symbol of God's own self-sacrifice; and from that cross there shall stream out the light and the glory that are for the illumination of all the world; and when we have done that, and not before, we shall have made our Nation a kingdom of priests, ministered to by men who have in them the life of God, made of men who possess the life of God—the whole Nation bound together by the bonds of love; free, because where the Spirit of God is, there is freedom; the common people ruling, because God is in the hearts of the common people; and God in all and above all and over all and through all.

The Power of the Gospel [1]

By Lyman Abbott

The International Committee have, in the very title which they have suggested for this Sunday's lesson, indicated that which is the distinguishing characteristic of the religion of Jesus Christ. It is a religion of power.

As an exposition of the duty which man owes to his fellow-man, the Bible differs from other sacred books chiefly by presenting the standards of righteousness in clear terms and, in at least one respect, in a higher form. No other volume lays such stress as does the New Testament upon the value and divinity of self-sacrifice. But, with this exception, the Bible interprets the law which God had before written in the conscience, and that law is the same in all races and in all times. As a book of laws the Christian Bible does not differ essentially from other bibles.

What the world most needs is not better information respecting the nature of duty, but more power to fulfill the duty which it already recognizes. The cry to which Paul has given utterance in the seventh chapter of Romans is the cry of the human race: "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" The world over, the heart of man answers to the portraiture of personal experience which he has afforded: "What I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I." The distinctive value of the Gospel is that it affords a deliverance from this entanglement, an emancipation from this slavery, a power to be and to do that which the ideal of God calls us to, that which the law of God requires from us. The Gospel spends very little time in analyzing evil, very little in impressing on men the reality of evil, very little in discussing the origin of evil; it devotes all its energies to delivering men from evil.

The figure is an old and a homely one, but it is vital and true. Humanity is like a man who finds himself at the bottom of a pit, with no means of escape. Philosophy looks down upon him from above and asks him, How did you fall in there? It discusses the origin of his misfortune. The Law looks down upon him and says to him, You ought not to have fallen in there: gather your energies together and clamber out. The Gospel drops a rope down to him, bids him bind it under his armpits, and then promises to pull him out.

Thus the Gospel, as a theological doctrine, teaches not merely that God is a righteous and just God, but that he is a merciful and redeeming God. This portraiture of God, in this respect, differs from that afforded by any other of the great world-religions. It portrays him as loving men in their sins and in spite of their sins, and by love recovering men from their sins. This note is even in the Old Testament, and with no uncertain sound: "He forgiveth all our iniquities, he healeth all our diseases, he redeemeth our life from destruction"—this is the Gospel according to David. But this message is made clearer in the New Testament, where the Son of God is revealed as coming into the world that he may bring the world back to its Father. The son searches for the coin, the shepherd goes after his sheep, and while the son yet holds himself afar off, afraid to venture across the threshold, the father runs out to meet him and bring him to his home again.

And as this doctrine of a helpful God is the doctrine of the Gospel, so hope in God is the hope which the Gospel affords. Its essential message to every man who is dissatisfied with himself is that which Matthew Arnold has imperfectly phrased: "There is a power not ourselves which makes for righteousness." Every man, whatever his condition, may lay hold upon this hope. To every man, whatever his imprisonment, this door of hope is open. To the captives in Dungeon Despair the Gospel is a key. They have but to fit it in the lock, turn back the bolts, and escape into light and life again.

And this hope stirs men up to help their fellow-men. The Christian religion is not the only aggressive religion, but it is fairly entitled to be called the only missionary religion. As it is the only one that carries with it the message that God is a redeeming God, the only one that carries with it the message that there is a hope of redemption for every man who desires to be redeemed, so it is the only one that carries with it the incentive to a redeeming work; and the power of this Gospel is seen not merely in the hope enkindled in the individual soul, but in the spirit of helpfulness inspired in every soul by the faith that one man can help another man out of his sins into true holiness.

Concerning what other message—Koran, Shastra, Veda Hymns, Socratic Dialogues, Stoical Apothegms—could that be said which Paul has said of his message? "It is the power of God unto salvation to every one that has faith."

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for October 1, 1893.—Rom. i., 8–17.

Christian Endeavor Topics, Daily Readings: October 2—The substance of things hoped for (Heb. xi., 1–6); October 3—Believing in Christ (John iii., 16–19); October 4—The promise to faith (Gal. iii., 22–29); October 5—According to your faith (Matt. ix., 22–29); October 6—The just shall live by faith (Rom. i., 17–19); October 7—Saved through faith (Eph. ii., 1–8); October 8—Topic: Faith in Jesus Christ; what is it? (Rom. iii., 22; Eph. iii., 17–21.)

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The Religious World

The Parliament of Religions

The first week of the Parliament of Religions at Chicago has been of even greater interest than was expected. The audiences have more than filled the large Hall of Columbus in the Art Institute, so that it has been necessary to hold overflow meetings in an adjacent hall. The variety of religions and the number of countries represented was well illustrated in the procession which entered the hall on the first day. Side by side walked Cardinal Gibbons and Dr. Barrows, of Chicago; Archbishop Feehan and a Greek Archbishop from Zante; Mr. Mozoomdar, of Calcutta, and Pung Kwang Yu, from China; Rabbi Hirsch and Mr. Nagarkar, of Bombay, and many other delegates from the various Christian churches at home and abroad, and from the religions of the Brahmins, of Confucius, of Buddha, and of Mohammed. The papers read during the week were so numerous that the mere list of them would occupy a column of this paper. To mention only a few of the more notable, we may refer to the eloquent address of the Rev. Alfred W. Momerie, of London, upon "The Moral Evidence of a Divine Existence;" to Cardinal Gibbons's address upon "The Needs of Humanity Supplied by the Catholic Religion;" to Mr. Mozoomdar's exposition of the Brahmo-Somaj; to the Archbishop of Zante's scholarly account of the early history of Christianity in Greece; to Pung Kwang Yu's paper on Confucianism; to the essay on "Man's Place in the Universe" by Professor A. D. Bruce, of Glasgow; to the exposition of the faith of Islam by Justice Ameer Ali, of Calcutta; to that of "Orthodox Judaism" by Dr. Mendes, of this city; and to that of Buddhism by the Buddhist priest and scholar Dharmapala, from Calcutta. The most dramatic incident of the week was when this Buddhist priest, surveying the audience of five thousand Christians before him, suddenly demanded, "How many of you have read the life of Buddha?" About five persons responded, and the priest exclaimed:

> Five only! Four hundred and seventy-five millions of people accept our religion of love and of hope. You call yourself a nation, a great nation, and yet you do not know the history of this great teacher. How dare you judge us! You complain that you do not make converts among us. You preach a God of love, but in your actions you are selfish. You make of an ignorant or an unsophisticated man a perfect hypocrite. You have used the story of a life-crushing, bloody Juggernaut to secure the means to save alleged heathens, and yet a commission composed of eminent Englishmen have declared that the Christian idea of Juggernaut was a myth, that death and blood were repulsive to our people. This Christian story has been exploded. It has gone into oblivion.

Next week, and for the following weeks of the sessions of the Parliament of Religions and the many Church Congresses taking place simultaneously at Chicago with the Parliament, we shall give our readers letters from a special correspondent in which we hope to reflect somewhat of the spirit and feeling of these meetings. To report the addresses in detail is impossible. Dr. Barrows is to prepare, after the conclusion of the Parliament, a report of its proceedings which will make a book of no small magnitude, and which will undoubtedly be of distinct importance and value as giving a forcible presentation of the religious truth and aspirations of many religions as set forth by their most distinguished advocates. The comparative study of religion is always of high interest, and this Parliament is certainly affording an extraordinary opportunity in this direction for students and thinkers.

The Young People at Lucerne

We last week called attention to the conferences which have been held at Lucerne, under the leadership of Dr. H. S. Lunn, for the promotion of a sentiment favoring the reunion of Christendom. Another gathering of something the same nature, but especially intended for the young, was organized in connection with the periodicals known as "The Young Man" and "The Young Woman." A great number of people attended, and the meetings were continued during several weeks. A great variety of entertainment and instruction was provided, and the more prominent leaders seem to have been the Rev. W. J. Dawson, of Highbury Quadrant Church, in London; Mr. F. A. Atkins, editor of "The Young Man;" the Rev. George Jackson, of Edinburgh; Dr. Conan Doyle, Annie S. Swan, Sister Emeline, Sister Mary, and Mrs. W. J. Dawson. These gatherings seem to be a kind of cross between one of our Christian Endeavor Conventions and the meetings at Chautauqua. It is really difficult to prophesy where this rage for summer conventions will end. The tendency, however, is a good one, although we may well wonder whether vacation and study can long be combined to the advantage of the hard-working multitudes. The reports of both Conventions at Lucerne indicate that all who attended had a good time, however much they may have advanced in knowledge or intellectual vigor.

The Keswick Conventions

The conventions which are held annually at Keswick, in the Lake District in England, "for the promotion of practical holiness," are quite remarkable events in the religious history of that country. Such meetings in our own country are usually almost entirely under the direction of the Methodists, but in England they are quite as generally in the hands of members of the Established Church. The Mildmay Meetings belong to the same general class, and, while all are professedly non-sectarian, their inspiration and management are largely in the hands of clergymen. The meetings at Keswick originated with the late Vicar of St. John's, Keswick—Canon Harford-Battersby—in 1875. "At a convention held at Oxford in the autumn of 1874 he obtained such illumination as to God's way of holiness through simple trust in Christ and complete surrender to him, and such an impulse towards a walk with God, closer and calmer than he had ever enjoyed before, that the next year he convened a gathering of Christians at Keswick for the study of the Scriptures and prayer on the subject." The last was the nineteenth annual assembly which has been held at that place. The meetings were held in a huge tent, with overflow meetings in various churches and halls. The story of these conventions reads very much like that of the meetings held at Northfield under the direction of Mr. Moody. Great numbers of college students attend. Last year New College, under the direction of Professor Lindsay, of Edinburgh, sent forty of the Free Church theological students and eleven medical students. Great emphasis was placed on the subject of foreign missions, and there was during the sessions practically a "Summer School of Missions," with representatives from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Oxford, Cambridge, London, Dublin, and other universities. Among the leaders at Keswick are the Rev. Hubert Brooke, of Reading; Dr. Elder Cumming, of Glasgow; and the Revs. J. B. Figis, of Brighton, J. G. Gregson, of Bradford, Evan H. Hopkins, of Richmond, H. C. G. Moule, of Cambridge, and C. A. Fox, F. B. Meyer, and Prebendary Webb Peploe, of London. These men represent various churches, many schools of thought, and are of sufficient prominence and character to insure freedom from extravagance. Anything like "the doctrine of sinless perfection" is not only not taught but strongly repudiated. Meetings are held morning, afternoon, and evening, and consist of prayer-meetings, song services, special services of consecration, meetings to promote missionary enthusiasm and for growth in the higher life. There has been much fear lest these services should result in a sentimental and altogether impractical type of piety. That these meetings are entirely free from abuses their best friends do not assert, but that they are productive of great good in stimulating the decadent life of the churches and of individual Christians their strongest opponents do not deny. Very much the same forms of spiritual activity are in use on the other side of the sea as in this country, and they are productive of practically the same results.

A Welsh Summer School

The Summer School of Theology which convened at Oxford last year under the direction of Principal Fairbairn bids fair to have many rivals. This year there has been a series of lectures at Oxford to clergymen of the Established Church; there have been two or three Summer Schools in our own country; and now we have the report of a conference of ministers which was held on August 19 at Llandrindod, in Wales, to consider the desirability of opening a Summer School in that Principality. Principal Edwards was called to the chair, and it was voted unanimously that the starting of such a school would be an inestimable boon to Wales. A series of resolutions was adopted in favor of opening the School in

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the summer of next year at Llandrindod, and a committee of prominent men was appointed to make all necessary arrangements. Further, the following resolutions were adopted: "That in the School the *doctrinal* should be combined with the *practical*—viz., that there be lectures on important subjects in Theology, Apologetics, Homiletics, Pastoral Theology, etc.; conferences on Practical Religious Matters; on Present-Day Problems and their solutions—the whole to be considered with a view to instruction, edification, and incentives to Christian work; that the meetings of the School extend to a fortnight; that the School be opened to both ministers and laymen; that the fee for the whole course do not exceed ten shillings to ministers and laymen, and five shillings to theological students; that the Committee be requested to issue a circular stating the contemplated object and work of the School, and soliciting donations so as to secure as far as possible the efficiency of the same." The reports which we have seen do not indicate whether the instruction is to be given in English or in Welsh. We have heard it intimated that the Welsh people believe that their language is to be the language of heaven. However that may be, it is very far from the language of earth, and the number of those who will be able to secure the advantages of such a school depends on the use of the English language. Any movement which has behind it the wisdom and accomplished spiritual leadership of Principal Edwards cannot fail to succeed. We shall watch for the programme of the School with much interest. By the way, we are informed that there will be another session of the Mansfield College School of Theology at Oxford next year. The English people are surely not lacking in interest in theological science, and in the not distant future ought to produce a race of stalwart theologians.

M. E. Colleges in Canada

A Canadian correspondent of "Zion's Herald" (Methodist Episcopal) writes to that paper concerning institutions of learning in the Dominion of Canada. The reference, of course, is to those under the special care of that Church. Our Methodist friends in all parts of the world are making a distinct advance both in the number and quality of their institutions of learning. The letter reads as follows:

The seats of learning have had a good year. Beginning with Wesleyan Theological College, $18,000 has been raised toward the endowment of a new chair. Victoria has had a prosperous season during its first year in Toronto. Of course the art students received their B.A. degree from the Provincial University, with which at least a dozen colleges are affiliated, and in all there are more than 1,300 students; but those trained in Victoria, among whom were two young ladies, were no disgrace to their teachers. The new building in Queen's Park is one of the most complete of its kind, and has been finished without one dollar of debt. Albert College at Belleville is a great feeder for Victoria. The past year has been one of the most successful. Several of the fine arts productions have been considered worthy of exhibition at the World's Fair. A college is in course of erection at Winnipeg, and another at New Westminster, British Columbia. As might be expected, all the colleges are doing much on behalf of the ministry of the Church. Not a few of those trained in Victoria are filling important pulpits both in our own and other lands. We mention with pardonable pride Dr. Ormiston in the Presbyterian Church in the United States, Dr. H. Johnston, of the Methodist Metropolitan Church, Washington, and many others. Presidents of at least four Conferences in our country are Victoria's sons. The Chancellor himself and several of the professorate are among the more than 2,500 graduates produced in fifty years.

The Roman Catholic Policy

An English writer has called attention to the fact that the policy of the Roman Catholics in Europe appears to be to concentrate their efforts on great buildings and in great centers of population. They do not seem to be increasing in numbers in the country, but that they have obtained a very different footing in public importance since the days of Cardinal Wiseman admits of no question. Archdeacon Sinclair, of St. Paul's Cathedral, has written a very interesting paragraph on this subject in the "Review of the Churches," which we transfer in part to our columns. Before making the quotation we may observe that Cardinal Vaughan is proving himself a most worthy successor of Cardinal Manning, and a most astute diplomat as well as a wise ecclesiastic. Cardinal Manning's wonderful ability, his great personal magnetism, and his immense popularity with the democracy gave the Roman Church an influence in Great Britain which had not been known since the Reformation. Archdeacon Sinclair says:

Cardinal Vaughan has taken a step in advance by appearing at the Royal Academy Banquet, at Lord's Salisbury's, and other great receptions, in scarlet silk robes and white lace, as he would at the Roman Curia. "He is perfectly right," said an ex-Cabinet minister at the Arlington Street party, himself a warm supporter of the English Church. He meant that from the Roman point of view the Cardinal was sagacious in offering to society the attractions of a splendid costume and of high ecclesiastical rank. The Cardinal, as a member of the same Church as theirs, joined the procession of the Countess of Paris, Princess Helen, and the Duke of Orleans; and the reverences made to the royal party might have appeared to be shared partly by himself. "Quite too lovely," said the great English ladies, as they gazed and watched; "what a pity our English bishops don't dress like that!" But the aims of the English Church are very different. "My kingdom is not of this world" is the fundamental principle of which our modest and unassuming English prelates, in their homely costume and quiet official dress, desire to be undeviatingly mindful. In our English catechism we have all taken oath against the pomps and vanities of the world; and on the rulers and examples of the flock such an obligation presses with special force. The influence they desire is that of the Spirit, in humility, faith, love, prayerfulness, uninterrupted zeal in good works, the plain and simple life of primitive days. They wish for as little as possible a contrast with the Jewish gaberdine of the Apostles, the philosopher's cloak of the Apologist, the unobtrusive dress of Roman and Greek of the early times.

Gleanings

—The inauguration of Dr. Henry M. Booth as President of Auburn Theological Seminary will take place October 10.

—The Rev. J. Max Hark, D.D., has taken charge as principal of the Moravian Seminary for Young Ladies, Bethlehem, Pa., a venerable institution for the higher education of women.

—Bishop Thomas M. Clark, of Rhode Island, will preach the sermon at the consecration of Bishop-elect Lawrence in Boston, October 5. It was at first announced that Bishop Whipple would perform this office.

—The Montreal Presbytery on Wednesday of last week found Professor Campbell guilty on the first count of libel for heresy. The vote was 21 to 18. He was also found guilty on the second count by a vote of 27 to 2. The case will next come before the Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

—The Executive Committee of Chicago Theological Seminary have secured a course of lectures on Systematic Theology from the Rev. James Denney, of Broughty Ferry, Scotland, who belongs to the Free Church. Mr. Denney is thirty-seven years of age, and is considered one of the most promising men in the Free Church. He translated Delitzsch's Commentary on Isaiah, furnished the Commentary on Thessalonians in the Expositor's Bible, and is to prepare the Commentary on Second Corinthians for the same series. It is also expected that Principal D. W. Simon, D.D., late of the Congregational College of Edinburgh, and now of the Congregational College of Bradford, England, will deliver at least sixty lectures on Systematic Theology.

Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—James McLeod, D.D., of the First Church of Albany, N. Y., has accepted a call to the First Presbyterian Church of Scranton, Pa.

—W. B. D. Gray, for more than seven years State Superintendent for the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society in South Dakota, has resigned to accept the position of General Treasurer of Yankton College.

—William James, of the First Church of Woodhaven, L. I., has resigned.

—F. G. Mitchell was ordained and installed as pastor of the church in West Kansas City, Kan., on August 22.

—J. M. Barber and Dora R. Barber were ordained and installed as pastor and assistant pastor of the church in Wilsonville, Ore., on August 23.

—J. L. Nott, of Middlefield, Conn., has resigned.

—F. E. Winn has become pastor of the church in Brookline, N. H.

—J. D. Wyckoff accepts a call to the First Church of Wheaton, Ill.

—C. R. Gale accepts a call to Marshalltown, Ia.

—D. E. Smith, of Grand Meadow, Minn., accepts a call to Monticello.

—L. M. Pierce accepts a call to Riceville, Ia.

PRESBYTERIAN

—Hope F. Ross, of Toronto, Ont., accepts a call from the First Church of Three Rivers, Mich.

—C. D. Nott has resigned the pastorate of the First Church of Washington, N. J.

—Frank Granstaff, of the Fifth Church of Cincinnati, O., accepts a call from the Second Church of Newark.

—G. P. Hays, of the Second Church of Kansas City, Mo., has resigned on account of ill health.

—M. L. Tressler, of Edwardsburg, Mich., has received a call from the Linwood Church of Cincinnati, O.

—J. H. Malcolm, of Chicago, Ill., accepts a call from the First Church of Hannibal, Mo.

OTHER CHURCHES

—Telfair Hodgson, D.D., formerly the Vice-Chancellor of the University of the South in Tennessee, and one of the best-known Episcopal clergymen in the South, died at Sewanee, Tenn., on September 11, at the age of fifty-nine.

—Hamilton Schuyler has accepted the assistant rectorship of Trinity Church (P. E.), Newport, R. I.

—W. T. Webbe has been chosen rector of Trinity Church (P. E.), Irvington, N. J.

—J. R. Moses, of St. Jude's Church (P. E.), Philadelphia, Pa., has received a call from St. Mary's Memorial Church, Wayne.

—M. F. Lee has resigned the pastorate of the Mariners' Harbor Baptist Church Staten Island, N. Y.

—H. J. Guiler has become pastor of the First Baptist Church of Flatbush, L. I.

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Books and Authors

Baedeker's "United States"[1]

The name of Baedeker on a guide-book stands for the most meritorious characteristics in a work of this nature—accuracy and compactness. Nothing, for instance, could be more compact and at the same time more accurate than the reference to Newark, N. J., as "a prosperous but uninteresting city on the Passaic," which appears on p. 208 of Baedeker's "United States," a handbook for travelers, written by J. F. Muirhead and edited by the redoubtable Karl Baedeker himself.

Brevity like this is, however, more adapted to a guide-book intended for the use of foreigners making a tour of the country than for citizens of the country itself, who might be supposed to have more leisure than foreign visitors and thus be disposed to investigate points even of only secondary interest. A foreigner wants only a bird's-eye view: our great cities, and only what is of prime importance in these; and only the most characteristic localities in the long distances between our great cities. There is, for instance, little to interest him in the territory between New York and Boston, unless it be Newport or the Berkshires. Is it worth while to come over from Europe to visit New Haven, Meriden, Hartford, or Worcester? Hardly. And so, having seen New York, he goes to Boston, lingering, perhaps, a few days at Lenox and Newport, from which latter place he can run over for a morning at "the Pier." While in New York he might have made a trip to Long Branch—the lair of the American tiger—and to those interesting manifestations of American religious traits, Ocean Grove and Asbury Park (not so far from the tiger's lair but that his roar can be heard at feeding-time), but he would hardly care to take in every resort on the Jersey coast, while doubtless Southampton and its extreme opposite, Coney Island, would suffice him for Long Island.

To an American interested in his own country this would seem rather a hop-skip-and-jump method of travel, but it suffices for the foreigner. And so this guide-book suffices for the foreign tourist—leaves, in fact, nothing to be desired for such a traveler—but is hardly complete enough for the American. Take, for example, a Westerner who desires to spend a summer on Cape Cod. For him Baedeker is almost useless. The few lines devoted to this locality give but scant information and do not at all discriminate between the different places on the Cape, some of which are on the Bay side, others on the ocean side, of this remarkable arm of our coast. Moreover, Baedeker fails utterly to convey any idea of the spirit that pervades the Cape towns and constitutes one of their chief charms. But to the foreigner, who, if he goes to the Cape at all, would probably take the boat from Boston to Provincetown, spend a couple of hours there, and return immediately to Boston, the reference is quite sufficient.

We should say, then, that, for a traveler who desires to get an accurate bird's-eye view of the United States, Baedeker's is the best guide extant, but that other guides more fully meet the requirements of those who intend to confine themselves to certain localities, or who desire to go more thoroughly into these.

The plan of this guide-book is similar to that with which the European Baedekers have made travelers familiar. In the body of the book there are 108 divisions, five of which, however, are devoted to a detour into Mexico. To New York and the immediate environs 45 pages are devoted; to Boston, 14; to Philadelphia, 11; to Chicago, 8; to Washington, 12. This gives a very fair idea of the comparative importance of these American cities in the eyes of a foreign tourist. The space allotted to Chicago seems at first sight small, but the amount fully covers the ground; and even a New Yorker might hesitate, certainly when west of 80° long., to claim for his city the preponderance given it in Baedeker. Mount Desert has 4 pages; the White Mountains, 12; the Berkshires, 5; the Catskills, 6; the Adirondacks, 14; Saratoga, 3; Gettysburg, 5; Niagara Falls, 7; the Yellowstone Park, 10—examples of space-apportionment which seem judicious.

The introduction, while containing such matters as are found in the introductions to European Baedekers (notes on currency, postal matters, and general hints), has also a number of special essays, the editor evidently being aware of the general ignorance of American affairs prevalent in Europe. These essays are: "A Short History of American Politics," by John Bach McMaster; "Constitution and Government of the United States," by James Bryce; "Aborigines and Aboriginal Remains," by O. T. Mason; "Physiography of North America," by N. S. Shaler; "Climate and Climatic Resorts of the United States," by Edmund Charles Wendt; "The Fine Arts in America," by William A. Coffin (Painting and Sculpture) and Montgomery Schuyler (Architecture); and "Sports," by Henry Harmon Neill.

The criticisms, direct and indirect, upon American life and manners strike us as for the most part just, and such as a cultivated American himself would make. Comparing the Continental and American systems of railways, the author says very truly that "the small compartment system would never have done for the long journeys of America, while the parlor-cars certainly offer greater comfort, in proportion to their expense, than the European first-class carriages do." The "amusement of watching one's fellow-passengers" is enumerated as one of the advantages of the American system. The letting down of the upper berth in a sleeping-car section, whether it is occupied or not, unless the whole section is paid for, is justly characterized as an "illiberal regulation." Speaking of hotels, the writer says, "Many Americans order the whole of their meals at once," and he might have added that in some hotels the whole meal is served all at once—from soup to the inevitable large cup of coffee; the guest, if native, drinking the coffee with roast beef, corn, cabbage, pie, and other incongruous dishes. This capital piece of advice is given: "Restaurants which solicit the patronage of 'gents' should be avoided." The "gent" is a species of the male animal known only in the United States. Not only "the average Englishman" but the average American will find the chief physical discomforts in "the dirt of the city streets, the roughness of the country roads, the winter overheating of hotels and railway cars (70–75° Fahr. being by no means unusual), and, in many places, the habit of spitting on the floor."

After speaking of the luxury of the first-class American hotels, the writer adds that "the comforts often afforded by the smaller and less pretentious inns of the old country can seldom be looked for from American houses of the second or third class." This seems a very mild description of that disastrous affair a second or third class American hotel. The hotel clerk is described as a being "who keeps the keys of the bedrooms, supplies unlimited letter-paper gratis, and is supposed to be more or less omniscient on all points on which the traveler is supposed to require information."

The writer makes certain excellent suggestions to American hotel-keepers, ending as follows: "No hotel can be considered first-class or receive an asterisk of commendation which refuses to supply food to travelers who are prevented from appearing at the regular meal hours."

The book is absolutely free from advertising, and is liberally equipped with maps and plans. "Baedeker's United States" will certainly rank with the European Baedekers—and these are classics.

There has been great progress in the theology of the Bible since Oehler published his lectures, twenty years ago; for historical criticism, which alone makes Biblical theology sound and fruitful, has taken a vast stride. This fact is strikingly manifest in the book we have just been reading—*The Theology of the Old Testament*, by Ch. Piepenbring; translated by H. G. Mitchell, Professor in Boston University. Pastor Piepenbring, of Strassburg, has embodied in this book the results of the investigations of the German scholars. He accepts as proven the documentary composition of the Hexateuch, or first six books in

[1] *The United States, with an Excursion into Mexico.* Handbook for Travelers. Edited by Karl Baedeker. With 17 Maps and 22 Plans. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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the Old Testament. The date of the Book of Daniel he gives as 167–164 B.C. These two data are sufficient to indicate his point of view. "Faith," he says, "as the Bible, especially the Old Testament, freed from rabbinical influence, understands it, is not faith in the sacred letter, the written word, but faith in the manifestation of God in history, in his interference in the world with a view to the salvation of humanity, faith in the living word inspired by the Divine Spirit in the prophets, faith in the holy mission of these men of God." This book clearly belongs to modern scholarship and to liberal theology. In its style it is lucid and less technical than Schultz's work on the same subject, and therefore much better adapted to the wants of the general reader. The work of translation has been satisfactorily done, and with good judgment in the matter of notes, references, and indices. A work of this nature always calls for a bibliography, and we hope that a second edition will be necessary, so that the translator can supply this most useful adjunct. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

A Child's History of France. By John Bonner. It was such an excellent idea to prepare an illustrated brief history of France for young people, devoted mainly to "incident, drama, portrait, landscape, romance, and local color," that one seriously regrets that the work is not better done. The plain truth is that, in his desire to be readable, Mr. Bonner has overdone the matter. That his book is sprightly enough to hold the attention cannot be denied—it is too sprightly. Facetiousness is endurable to some extent in such a book, but cheap sarcasm and almost cynicism are terribly out of place. The frequent occurrence of such expressions as "He asked her would she do it" ought not to be possible in a school text-book. The illustrations are not always selected with the best taste—pictures of a queen striking out a man's eye and of wretches in the throes of death from torture, all realistically presented, are not desirable to put before children. We might find fault with the author's accuracy historically, but it is hardly worth while to quote instances. The chief faults of the book are those of literary taste. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The *Dictionary of Quotations* which the Rev. James Wood has compiled from English, foreign, and ancient literatures is comprehensive and well edited. It contains some thirty thousand aphorisms, maxims, proverbs, and brief quotations from famous authors. The effort has not been to make a collection of "familiar quotations," but rather to mass so large a quantity of pithy and wise sayings that the apt word for any occasion may readily be found. The arrangement is an alphabetical one, but a topical index at the end aids the searcher. There is no authors' index. For the sake of condensation only the author's name, without the title of the book from which the quotation is taken, is affixed to each extract. Mr. Wood is well known as the editor of "Nuttall's Standard Dictionary." He has now given us a really valuable addition to the reference library. (F. Warne & Co., New York.)

In 1891 the Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Bickersteth, with his wife and daughter, made a tour of Japan, and Miss M. Bickersteth has published an account of the visitation under the title of *Japan as We Saw It*, with a Preface by the Bishop of Exeter. The style is good, and the book reads easily. The writer had her eyes open to the oddities of Japanese character and habits, and the volume is copiously illustrated with pretty pictures, together with a fine large map. Considerable attention is given to the work and prospects of Christian missions in Japan. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

How the Codex was Found; A Narrative of Two Visits to Sinai: From Mrs. Lewis's Journal, 1892–1893, by Margaret Dunlop Gibson, is an entirely delightful account of the most important discovery in the realm of Biblical lore since Tischendorf found the great Sinaitic Codex of the New Testament. The second visit was made in company with Mr. Rendel Harris, and a Syriac manuscript of the Gospels, of great antiquity, was accurately photographed. It is too soon to conjecture what effect this newly found codex will have upon the text of the New Testament, but it is right to recollect that the discovery is due to a woman. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

We welcome a new edition, for schools and colleges, of *The Satires and Epistles of Horace*, by Professor James H. Kirkland, of Vanderbilt University. This edition is based upon Kiessling's edition, but with the addition of the results of the labors of all Horatian scholars of any worth. The commentary in this volume is copious, and incidentally gives the reader thorough information on the subject of Roman life and thought of the time of Horace, besides being a treasure-heap of learned Latinity. (Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, New York.)

Mr. Hardy had been an average business man, who thought that he was a Christian, but was, in his lack of spirituality, in his selfishness, a shame and a scandal to the religion of Christ. One night he had a dream that he would die, so vivid that he was convinced that his earthly life would certainly terminate in a week. He therefore sets at work to do, before he dies, in a week, the things that he ought to have been doing all through the years of his life. This is the plan of *Robert Hardy's Seven Days*, by Charles M. Sheldon. (Congregational Sunday-School and Society Publishing Company, Boston.) The several chapters of the story were originally delivered as sermons.

A new and one-volume edition of *The Memories of Dean Hole* has just been published by the Macmillans, of this city. This is, we believe, the fifth time this book has been reprinted since its first publication less than a year ago. It well deserves its popularity, for there have been few books which combine more pleasingly the charm of anecdotal reminiscence and of a sincere and charming personality.

Literary Notes

—French novelists to the number of more than a hundred have organized a society for the protection of their interests in the matter of contracts and translations. In order to be a member one must have published at least four novels.

—"Speaking of 'Dr. Pascal,'" remarked a literary woman recently, "I am again reminded of Lowell's apt phrase, that most French novels should have upon their covers the sign of the old country inns: 'Entertainment within for man and beast.'"

—Herbert Spencer is to be congratulated on the completion of his "Principles of Ethics," which he has himself always looked upon as the crowning part of his system. The latter part of the second volume appears for the first time this year, the first volume having been completed last year.

—Mr. Dodgson—otherwise "Lewis Carroll," and the author of the inimitable "Alice's Adventures"—has brought out a book which, under the title of "Curiosa Mathematica," sets forth a series of mathematical problems with mentally worked solutions. These he calls "pillow-problems," to be thought out during sleepless nights "by ordinary mathematicians when mental occupation is needed."

—The Clyde and its scenery form the background for Mr. J. M. Barrie's new novel—a book which he is writing at "Thrums," otherwise Kirriemuir. The natives are, it is said, very proud of Mr. Barrie's literary successes, though they do not give him credit for originality. They have a pet theory that he gets all his material from a local worthy; and that, having set down in his note-book the stories and anecdotes communicated by this gentleman, he merely makes fair copies and dispatches them to his London publisher.

Books Received

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, PHILADELPHIA

Reeves, Mrs. S. K. Donald Patterson's Daughter. $1.10.
Willey, Mary B. Tending Upward. $1.10.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK

Parker, Gilbert. The Translation of a Savage. 75 cts.
Grand, Sarah. Ideala. $1.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Van Daell, Alphonse N. An Introduction to the French Language.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Waldstein, Charles. The Work of John Ruskin. $1.
Hibbard, George A. Nowadays, and Other Stories. $1.25.
James, Henry. Essays in London and Elsewhere. $1.25.
Fuller, Henry B. The Cliff-Dwellers. $1.50.
Wheeler, Candace. Household Art. (In the Distaff Series.) $1.
Wiggin, Kate Douglas. The Kindergarten. (In the Distaff Series.) $1.

HUNT & EATON, NEW YORK

Tiffany, Rev. P. H., D.D., LL.D. Pulpit and Platform. $1.25.
De Witt, Julia A. W. Life's Battle Won. $1.50.
Robinson, Rev. S. V. A Physician's Notes on Apostolic Times. 20 cts.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Ransom, J. Ulrich, B.A. Longmans' German Grammar. 90 cts.
Parr, Mrs. Can This Be Love? $1.25.
Higginson, Thomas Wentworth, and Edward Channing. English History for American Readers. $1.20.
Leyton, Frank. Skeleton Leaves. $2.

WM. A. POND & CO., NEW YORK

Müller, C. C. Tables for the Writing of Elementary Exercises in the Study of Harmony. 2 Vols. 50 cts. each.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Spofford, Mrs. O. M. A Norse Romance. $2.50.
Coryell, John Russell. Diccon the Bold. $1.25.
The King and the Kingdom: A Study of the Four Gospels. 3 Vols. $4.20.

F. H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

Nugent, Sophia M. "My Guest-Chamber." 50 cts.
Gordon, A. J. In Christ. $1.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

De Saint-Amand, Imbert. The Court of Louis XIV. Translated by Elizabeth G. Martin. $1.25.
Stories of Italy. 75 cts.
Page, Thomas Nelson. The Old South. In Ole Virginia. Elsket. Newfound River. $4.50 per set.
Cable, George W. Old Creole Days. The Grandissimes. Dr. Sevier. Bonaventure. Strange True Stories of Louisiana. $6 per set.

SILVER, BURDETT & CO., NEW YORK

Baldwin, James, Ph.D. The Book of Elegies.

FREDERICK WARNE & CO., NEW YORK

Wood, Rev. James. Dictionary of Quotations. $2.50.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK

Richardson, Martha Wallace. Royal Helps for Loyal Living. $1.

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With Our Readers

I.—Correspondence

The Moral Character of Advertising

To the Editors of The Outlook:

You may not know everything, but you ought to. At any rate, you ought to be able to answer a question in morals that troubles me very much.

I have just dismissed from my presence a representative of one of our leading New York dailies. I say "one of our leading New York dailies" because, as you know, there are a number of them. They all lead in some fashion. This is a very enterprising and very successful paper, as that term is generally understood, and has made a good share of its money by inducing people to advertise in its columns. Once a year it prepares "for its readers" a careful and truthful account of the private schools of the city—sends its intelligent reporters out to gather the *facts* it is to spread before its readers, and then publishes them. The articles are well written, have the air of being fair and discriminating—even if a little gushing in spots—and, on the whole, give a truthful account of the schools of which they speak. I am always favored with a call, always give gladly what information I can about my school, and am always left out in the final account. I am left out because I refuse to pay a dollar a line for what is to be said of me. I don't object to the dollar a line—it is a reasonable price—but I object to paying a dollar a line for an editorial article that goes to the readers as the unbiased and unbought opinion of the writer. I have so stated my objection, and have been laughed at for my squeamishness and lack of business sagacity. I am even called "an incorrigible" and "a crank." Perhaps I am. "Why," says the wily representative, "there are no false pretenses about this. Nobody is deceived. Everybody knows that these are paid notices." "Oh," I said, "is that so? And are you perfectly willing everybody should know?" "Certainly; why not?" "Oh, I only thought you meant to deceive your readers; but now, as you do not, and are perfectly frank and aboveboard, I will take one hundred lines at one dollar a line, if you will permit me to place over my notice: 'This notice is paid for by the advertiser at one dollar a line.' That will leave no doubt on the subject, and will, besides, leave a better taste in my mouth."

Can you believe it? my offer was refused? and I have never yet been able to see why it should have been. Now, Mr. Editor, I am an advertiser in a small way, and I am seeking for truth. I want to do things straight, if I know how. Did I do wrong to refuse to go into the *olla podrida* of school notices, at one dollar a line, when it was worth it? or did the newspaper do wrong to refuse me the privilege of labeling my wares, when I stated only a truth which everybody understood, and was willing to pay for the notice? or were we both wrong, or both right? What would you have done in my place? What would you have done in the other fellow's place? There must be some way of settling so simple a matter upon well-recognized rules of honesty and of business sagacity. Won't you do it? and oblige S. S. PACKARD.

New York.

You were right.

The newspaper man was wrong—as was the newspaper behind him.

The wrong was not primarily in declining your offer—to have done as you wished would have destroyed an essential feature of the scheme. It was the scheme itself that was wrong, dishonest, and, in the long run, impolitic. The offer was made to receive and publish for you, at advertising rates, descriptive matter concerning your school, and to so present this to the many thousand readers of the "leading journal" in question that they should believe it to be a part of the regular reading-matter of the journal. This deceives, or is planned to deceive, the reader, and if you had accepted the offer, you would have been a party to the fault.

The only theory of journalism that is consistent with any claim of dignity, character, or influence is that the reading-matter presented by the editors—that which expresses the individuality of the paper and gives it value—is chosen in the interest of the reader, to give him information or entertainment or to guide his judgment, and that it is chosen without regard to money considerations.

The reader has a right to a clear separation between this part of the paper and the advertising matter, to the end that he may know whether he is reading the paper's opinions or the opinions which a merchant or a banker or a school principal is paying a dollar a line to have published.

Any periodical which allows advertising to appear so that readers cannot distinguish it from the regular reading-matter of the paper, is doing its best to lower the dignity of journalism, to diminish the power of the press, and to hasten the day when there will be no such thing as editorial influence.

It is *because* the process of demoralization is not yet complete, and there is still a popular belief that editorial opinions in "leading journals" cannot be bought at a dollar a line, that some advertisers are ready to buy such articles as our correspondent describes.—THE EDITORS.

From Iowa

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The people of Iowa, at a non-partisan election (several years past), voted for a prohibitory law. The Legislature, in obedience to the people, made the present prohibitory law. Many Democrats voted for prohibition, not because they wanted such a law, but, as their speakers publicly said, "to beat the Republicans." The General Assembly, being Republican, would have to make the law. It would be odious to many Republicans, especially in the cities. The Democrats would oppose the law, denounce it as a Republican measure and a failure, and thereby defeat that party. The scheme was successful. The Republican party was defeated. This was how the Republican party became "the party of prohibition," as you say. Now, the late Republican Convention, still believing in "government by the people," submits the question to them. If the people desire this law to remain as it is, or wish any change, they can make it known through their representatives in the Legislature. This is common sense, and is satisfactory to all Republicans, whatever may be their views on the temperance question. Of course no Republican plank can be satisfactory to the Prohibition party, or any other party.

J. J. D.

West Grove, Iowa.

II.—Notes and Queries

What books has the Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, D.D., of New York, in print? Where can they be obtained? What is the price? W. D. B.

Dr. C. H. Parkhurst's books are: "The Blind Man's Creed, and Other Sermons" ($1); "What Would the World be Without Religion?" (30 cts.); "Pattern on the Mount, and Other Sermons" ($1.25); "The Question of the Hour" (15 cts.)—all published by the A. D. F. Randolph Company, New York City; "Swiss Guide," an allegory (50 cts.), and "Three Gates on a Side" ($1.25), published by the F. H. Revell Company, New York; and "The Latin Verb," published by Ginn & Co., Boston (40cts.).

Where can I find a clear and concise history of the Austrian-Prussian war of 1866, the causes which led to it, and the part taken in it by the smaller German States? R.

In the last edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, under the titles Austria and Prussia, and under the titles of the several smaller German States.

"Westerner."—We think you are right in holding that the New Testament does not directly enjoin any Sabbath, or in any way restate the Fourth Commandment as it restates the others; also, that Paul remits the (Jewish) Sabbath days to the liberty of the Christian conscience. But what is often lost sight of is most important to remember. (1) The Lord's Day could not have been kept at first as it can now be kept. The only free time for its observance in the Jewish and Gentile communities was before sunrise and after sunset. (2) There is full proof that it was observed at such times. (See Acts xx., 7, and Pliny's letter to Trajan, A.D. 103.) (3) If Christians then did the best they could to hallow the Lord's Day for spiritual uses, their example is a good enough precept. (4) The true principle for the settlement of the question of present duty on this point is in viewing the Lord's Day, not as a matter of precept, but as a door of desirable opportunity for the highest ends. (5) No principle can survive in the world except as represented in institutions, and no religion can maintain itself without the recognition secured for it by its sacred days. This is a law of the mind, and the laws of the mind are the laws of God.

In answer to "L. E. C.," Elizabeth Doten is the author of the lines beginning:

"God of the granite and the rose,
Soul of the sparrow and the bee."

J. W. K.

In answer to "G. W. C.." Arthur Clough is the author, and the verse a part of a poem beginning, "What we, when face to face we see."

S. M. N.

CLEVELAND'S
PURE & SURE
The Thrifty Housewife
is a valuable prize. Every man likes good management in the household. The sensible wife makes things go as far as she can.
Cleveland's Baking Powder
will help her to do this. It is more powerful than other brands. More wholesome, too.
Pure & Sure.
BAKING-POWDER

To the Right Spot
Every dose seemed to go, when I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I had a bad cough for nearly two years, coming on after the grip. I got a bottle of **Hood's Sarsaparilla** and it gave me relief at once. I got six bottles, and have taken nearly all of it, and know I am much better every way. So many medicines are advertised that do no good, I would not say anything in favor of any unless I was fully satisfied it was good and worth trying. I
Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
believe Hood's is good."—DEXTER CURTIS, Madison, Wis. Get only **Hood's.**

HOOD'S PILLS cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache.

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The publishers have spared neither pains nor expense in their efforts to make this new series of illustrated standard books the finest that has ever been produced at so low a price. Paper, type, illustrations, and bindings are all of the highest quality, and combine to make them most attractive books for holiday gifts.

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By ANNA CHAPIN RAY, author of "Half-a-Dozen Boys," "Half-a-Dozen Girls," etc. 12mo, illustrated, $1.25.

In this story Miss Ray takes a wider outlook than she has hitherto done, and while her forte lies in the depicting of healthy boys and girls, the story is bound together by a wholesome thread of romance which greatly deepens its interest and warrants the publishers in saying it is by far the best work that she has yet produced.

The Musical Journey of Dorothy and Delia

By the Rev. BRADLEY GILMAN. Illustrated by F. G. Attwood. 8vo, unique binding, $1.25.

The author has carried out a quaint conceit in a manner that places it on a level with "Alice's Adventures." Intensely amusing, yet it blends with its art and fancy much useful information. Every boy and girl studying music will appreciate it.

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By BARBARA YECHTON. Illustrated by Jessie McDermott. 12mo, $1.25.

Published as a serial in the *Churchman* last year, this story won the unqualified praise of its readers, and great desire was expressed for its publication in book form.

Chilhowee Boys

By SARAH E. MORRISON. 12mo, illustrated, $1.50.

A story of interest to both boys and girls, based on old family records of frontier life in Tennessee in the early part of this century. Graphic and fascinating, and destined to be a classic for the young.

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Professor GOLDWIN SMITH'S NEW BOOK

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An Outline of Political History, 1492-1871

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"It is 'an outline of Political History,' and as such it fills its own particular niche, as those who are familiar with Goldwin Smith's vigorous and interest-commanding style will know. As a literary stylist he has no rivals among his contemporaries. That he is a partisan does not detract from the interest of his book. The fact that it may not express the views of the average American on the questions at issue will not prevent its having numerous readers and leading to endless discussion."—*Chicago Tribune.*

By the Same Author

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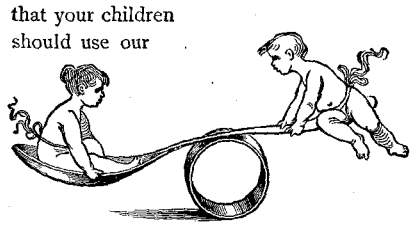

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The Evangelical Alliance

The following is the programme of the International Christian Conference, to be held in Chicago, October 8 to 15, under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance:

Address, President C. C. Bonney, Chicago; Opening Address, Mr. William E. Dodge, New York; Welcome Address, the Rev. Simon J. McPherson, D.D., Chicago; Address, The Religious Aspects and Results of the Discovery of America, President M. E. Gates, LL.D., Amherst, Mass.

Christian Liberty.—The Present Condition of Religious Liberty Throughout the World, the Hon. J. L. M. Curry, LL.D., Washington; Religious Liberty and the State, the Rev. James M. King, D.D., New York; Religious Liberty and the Progress of Mankind, Bishop C. H. Fowler, D.D., Minneapolis.

Religious Condition of Protestant Christendom.—The Netherlands, Colonel L. Roosmale Nepven; Scandinavia, Professor Svan Oftedal; Switzerland, Professor Edouard Naville; Italy, the Rev. Cav. Matteo Prochet, D.D.; Germany, Count Andreas von Bernstorff; France, Professor Jean C. Bracq; Great Britain, Lord Kinnaird; Australasia, the Rev. H. B. Macartney; Canada, Principal George M. Grant, D.D.; The United States, Bishop John F. Hurst, D.D., LL.D.

Christian Union and Co-operation.—Organic Union, Its Reasons and Prospects, Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe, D.D., LL.D.; Denominational Federation, Rev. James McCosh, D.D., LL.D.; The Reunion of Christendom, Professor Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D.; Christian Co-operation in Church Extension, President William DeW. Hyde, D.D., and official representatives of various denominational Home Missionary Societies; The Work of the Evangelical Alliance of Great Britain, Secretary A. J. Arnold, London; The Aims of the Evangelical Alliance for the United States, Secretary Josiah Strong, New York; Christian Co-operation and the Social Mission of the Churches, the Rev. A. T. Pierson, D.D.

The Church and Social Problems.—An Enlarged View of the Mission of the Church, President E. B. Andrews, D.D., Brown University; Sociological Training and the Ministry, Professor Graham Taylor, D.D., Chicago; Christianity and the Evolution of Society, Professor Henry Drummond, Glasgow; The Inner Mission of Germany, the Rev. George U. Wenner, D.D., New York; Institutional Methods of Church Work, the Rev. C. A. Dickinson, Boston; The Church and Municipal Government, the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., New York; Expert Knowledge in Christian Work, the Rev. H. L. Wayland, D.D., Philadelphia; The Church and the Labor Problem, Professor Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., University of Wisconsin; The Christian Basis of Social Reform, Professor George D. Herron, D.D., Iowa College; The Historical Evolution of the Kingdom of God, President George A. Gates, D.D., Iowa College.

Mr. Curtis and Ashfield

That was a noble and significant tribute that was paid to the memory of Mr. Curtis on August 24 in the little hill town of Ashfield, Massachusetts, where for so many years he had made his summer home. . . . Mr. Norton spoke from the fullness of personal love and knowledge, the fruit of a friendship of forty years. "He had," said Mr. Norton, "a social nature, a public spirit. He had no selfish end. The good of the community was the good for which he cared. The public interest was for him his own interest, and he sought it with an uprightness of purpose, a clearness of vision, a devotion of great gifts, and a steadiness of labor which knew neither weariness nor impatience nor intermission."

This is a very strong statement. We believe that it is literally true. There remains in the public mind, and even in the minds of those who knew him, so vivid an impression of Mr. Curtis's grace, his gentleness, his wit and charm, that the other, the sterner, qualities of his nature are to some extent obscured. But to those who knew him intimately he was known to be as steadfast, laborious, and patient, as firm in the pursuit of his object, as unmoved and immovable by either difficulty or distraction or lassitude, as the severest and least companionable of men. And these two differing phases of his nature were wholly reconciled by the simple sincerity of both.

Mr. MacVeagh spoke of Mr. Curtis, as was just, in a tone of triumphant recognition of the great and lasting success of his life. Referring to Mr. Curtis's splendid labors in the cause of civil service reform, he said: "In these years such devotion to the noble standard of civic duty could not fail to win him the admiration and affection of great numbers of his fellow-countrymen and fellow-countrywomen. If that is not success, I do not know what is. If his has not been a successful and triumphant life under the conditions of America to-day, what could be successful and triumphant?" The question answers itself.—*Harper's Weekly.*

"Jugging" Bees

While on a recent trip out into the country, says a correspondent of the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat," I saw a farmer rid himself of several nests of bumblebees in a very simple but effective manner. The particular field which was being plowed over for the fall sowing was especially infected with the troublesome insects, and a plowboy the day before had been badly stung. The farmer asked me to go with him and see the boys "jug the bees." A common brown jug half filled with water was taken along. One of the boys led the way to an especially large and dangerous-looking nest lying on the stubble close to the ground. The jug was cautiously deposited by the side of the nest. Then, with a long branch of a tree, the nest was violently stirred, and the lad fled for his life. In a perfect swarm the bees flew out to see who had dared assault their castle, and circled angrily about, buzzing violently all the time. From a safe distance the farmer and his boys threw clouds of dirt and stones at the angry insects. They seemed to be looking for their enemy. Gradually their numbers grew less, and at last there were no bees to be seen.

"Let us look into the jug," said the farmer, as he led the way. It was picked up and its contents poured out on to the ground with difficulty, as 154 bumblebees, by actual count, had flown into the jug, in a vain effort to find the destroyer of their home, and had drowned. I walked back with one of the boys to a spring to fill the jug with clear water, preparatory to an attack upon another colony of bees. As we trudged over the sunny fields the berry-brown lad remarked, "I'd rather jug bees than plow any day, wouldn't you?"

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Strictly Pure White Lead.

The first spends three times as much for paint in five years, and his buildings never look as well.

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Cleanses and Beautifies.

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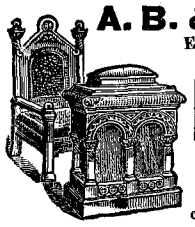

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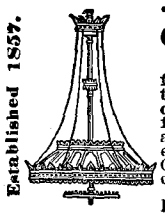

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Financial

The influences which have worked favorably during the past week are—First, the reduction of the Bank of England discount rate to 4 per cent., with the rates in the open London money market ruling at 2¾ per cent., while the Bank has gained some $6,000,000 in its gold reserve. Second, the domestic money market has drifted in to great ease at 3 to 4 per cent., with the ruling rate at 3 to 3½ per cent., while a large volume of currency has returned to the city banks, the result of the payment of country bank loans to the city institutions. Third, the cancellation of about $4,000,000 of Bank Clearing-House certificates during the week, reducing the amount outstanding to $34,500,000. Fourth, the large accumulation of funds in the Western city banks, especially in those of Chicago, which insures the supply of ample funds for the movement of the crops. Fifth, a heavy increase in merchandise exports from this port, and an equally large decrease of merchandise imports. Sixth, the opening of many additional mills and manufactories, and the resumption of suspended banks, until, now, some fifty-five banks that suspended during the panic, out of about one hundred and sixty, have resumed since the passage of the repeal bill by the House.

The report of the Union Pacific Railway Company for the month of July makes a very unfavorable exhibit; indeed, the net earnings show a falling off of nearly 50 per cent. from those of the corresponding month in 1892. Yet, after August, we have reason to believe that the returns of not only the Union Pacific Company, but of other railways now showing heavy declines, will get back to nearly a normal condition. The Western roads running into Chicago, and from Chicago to the East and seaboard, have already reported large increases over August, and are, a number of them, ahead of the same period last year; this is due, in some instances, to the Exposition, but equally to the extraordinary exports of breadstuffs now progressing, and the movement of these to the central Western markets from the crop-raising regions.

The St. Paul Company declared a 2 per cent. semi-annual dividend this week in the face of great declines reported in gross earnings for two months past; and the fact that the Directors of this Company, which is very conservatively managed, felt that they could prudently do this, indicates what the outlook is for their business this coming season, for, unless they could see a bright or fair prospect ahead, they would have husbanded these dividend moneys.

The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, decrease	$4,080,400
Specie, increase	4,196,000
Legal tenders, increase	4,310,800
Deposits, increase	3,485,900
Reserve, increase	7,635,325

This increase in reserve gives the city banks a surplus reserve of about $10,600,000. Money closes at 3 per cent.

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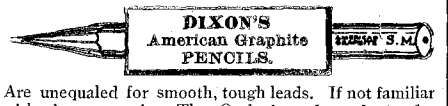
to print; that is why we never use testimonials in our advertising. We are constantly receiving them from all parts of the world. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infants' food. Grocers and Druggists.



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Reserve for Reinsurance and all other claims **2,541,873 61**
Surplus over all Liabilities **141,428 86**

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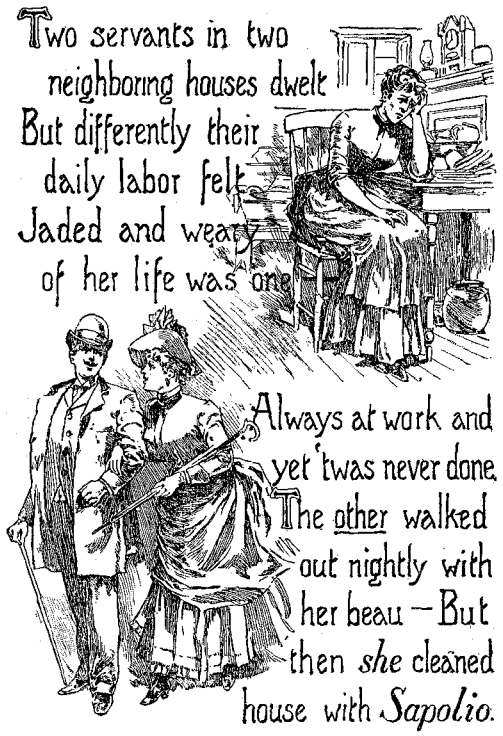
Two servants in two neighboring houses dwelt
But differently their daily labor felt
Jaded and weary of her life was one —
Always at work and yet 'twas never done
The other walked out nightly with her beau — But then she cleaned house with Sapolio.

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